

CAVALCADE

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**IF YOU SEE HIM,
CALL A COP!**

—Price 1/6





Postman, Herald, smuggler, gun-runner—Zolo was Zolo. He started, was shipwrecked and became a military adviser.

The POSTMAN quelled a MUTINY

PETER HARGRAVES

HIS REAL NAME was Serge Zolotchkin, but on arrival with his mother in England as refugees from the Russian Revolution it was changed to Zolo. He was 18 when he left London in 1920, headed for Canada's Arctic regions—and a 13-year adventure odyssey that has few modern counterparts.

At Herschel Island off the north-western coast of Canada, Serge Zolo became a mail carrier and courier for the Hudson's Bay Company at 19 a month. He constructed his duties in November with an 800-mile trek across the Rockies to Fairbanks in Alaska and back again. He set out from Herschel Island on December 1 with three dog teams, an Eskimo guide and three company clerks going out on leave.

He left with a plan for leave from his superiors at Herschel Island was without flour, tobacco, sugar or

time-jarvis (for scurvy), due to the non-arrival of the supply ship. With the sea passage now securely frozen over, it could not get to the settlement before spring.

The courier route was the only means of obtaining the supplies. Serge Zolo, whose walking a few months before had been confined to the quadrangles of an English public school, nonchalantly set off on his 1800-mile ordeal.

His first stop was at Old Crow Settlement, 200 miles due south across the mountains. To reach it he had to rely on food requisitioning for they were travelling practically all the time in the blackness of night from November until the end of February in these northern regions, the sun disappears except for about an hour's "twilight" at noon, each day consists of unbroken darkness.

Through that, Zolo and his party battled towards a map dot 300 miles away. Almost constant blizzards with temperatures dropping to 70 degrees below zero slowed progress. They had food supplies for the total journey of ten days to Old Crow Settlement. After 30 days they ran out. For the next five days neither man nor dog had a mouthful of food.

At Old Crow they were filled out the sleds that hung on their figures. With replenished supplies they pushed on for the final dash to Fairbanks. This was over a well-marked trail with occasional timber for fire in conjunction they found the going so easy that they had no trouble in covering the 200 miles in a new record time of ten days.

Three weeks later, with the mail and stores laden on two dog teams, Serge Zolo and the Eskimo made the return bridge alone. By the end of February they were back at Herschel Island.

Zolo set off again almost immediately over a 1000-mile route to Bernard Harbour, to deliver the mail for that part. By the time he got back it was spring again.

His duty over the warm months was to take the company's schooner, "Albion", and a party of men and build three shelter cabins along the coast on the route to Bernard Harbour. They completed two of the huddles.

At Point Delboide, location of the third cabin, they faced misadventure in the ice for the winter if they delayed too long.

He set off to Herschel Island. A worry was the short supply of petrol on hand for the schooner's auxiliary engine. If they struck heavy pack ice they would have to use it to try to break through.

Two days out from Point Delboide the schooner got strong

bumps that had drifted down from the North-West Passage. Zolo took a chance and steered a perilous passage through under sail.

That night they tied up to one of the icebergs. The morning was colder than the one before as winter came down like a blanket over the Arctic. Ice was beginning to form round the base of the berg.

They had fuel to cover only 150 miles in clear water. Herschel Island was still a good three hundred miles off.

After another day's progress they again tied up for the night and were hit during the darkness by a stiff wind. Zolo took a chance; he thought to utilize it to help them on their way. The wind, however, brought snow and squaled visibility. After a few hours of breathless dodging under sail, they eventually picked up on an iceberg. An inspection showed a gaping hole in her timbers.

Then the schooner started to slip back off the berg. It landed in the water, which immediately began to pour through the hole. While his men frantically worked the pumps, Zolo went over the side and freed a square of canvas with weights and ropes over the hole.

The suction of the water kept it firm and it almost plugged the leak. Timber and brass fast were utilized as an additional "stopper" from the inside. The "Albion" was able to proceed on her way almost as good as ever.

With the dropping of the wind, Zolo had to revert to his engine and consequent diminishing of the petrol supply. Ice was increasing and the "Albion" could not crash its way through with its damaged bow. Undeterred, the young skipper donned a crude icebreaker from his anchors and fixed it out in front. But that had to be a

point when the engines spluttered and gave out on the last drop of petrol was burned. It occurred when, by their reckoning, they still had 90 miles to cover to Harschel Island.

There was no alternative but to abandon the ship and let it freeze in for the winter. They tried to make the protection of a cave for it but only succeeded in hiding it in a second place. All got ashore, but the Albatross had sunk in a few minutes and was gone forever.

Zolo and his men had to walk barefoot over 80 miles on rocks of one kind and one piece of dried meat per man per day. They had nothing left with which to bore hot drinks—on occasion in Arctic winter temperatures. And, there was no fuel for a fire even if they had the necessary ingredients.

Kilnits makes away was safety. Each man had to cover 12 miles his own power or die. The freezing temperature made it unsafe to tarry without the means of making a fire. It also made it too cold to sleep. There was no alternative but to keep plodding on towards the distant goal. It was the only way to keep blood circulating and to stay alive.

Zolo urged his chances on to Spoken Point, which they reached ten days after leaving the ship. It was still 20 miles away from safety at Harschel Island. But wood was available there and they built a fire. Scurvy were not and a few eggs rabbits provided what to starving men was the longest of their lives.

Exhaustion and the killing cold caused the collapse of several men and it was apparent they would have to be carried for the last leg. A sudden wind squall, however, broke the ice over which they had

to travel and blew it out to sea. They were surprised now from their base on Harschel Island by 20 miles of navigable ocean.

In a few days a thin layer of new ice had formed. With one man, Zolo set out on a dash for help. The going was desperate, with every step likely to deposit the travellers in freezing water. They got about half way when fresh wind developed.

Zolo decided to go back to Spoken Point for help's sake. The other man refused to accompany him, preferring to dash on for Harschel Island. The wind was reaching gale force as Zolo turned about. He ran all the way to Spoken Point, coughing at just before the turn for back again and was swept out to sea.

A week later stronger ice formed and the whole party were able to cross safely to the island. There was no sign there of the man who had left Zolo to go ahead. He was never heard of again.

After another year with the Hudson's Bay Company, Serge Zolo pushed off south to join the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. He soon proved he could "get his man", by shooting down a bank robber in a gun dock, after receiving a 44 slug through his own head.

Turning of the law, he tried the other side. With a partner he bought an old fishing smack and began smuggling Chinese from Vancouver into the United States. Soon they were depositing 30 illegal Chinese migrants on lonely spots of the American West Coast every two days. Their profits were \$100 each trip.

All went well for several months until they struck competition: two other adventurers began the same racket and cut the price.

Zolo and his partner met the new figure and still made a good profit. Then their arrivals took out a shipment of Chinese and, instead of transporting them to the States as they had been paid to do, put them ashore on an uninhabited island in the Gulf of Georgia.

The Chinese nearly died of starvation before they were rescued. Fellow members of one of their secret societies sought vengeance and passed a death sentence on the smugglers.

Somehow they got their information wrong. They went after Zolo and his partner. When the latter was found dead in an alley one morning with a dagger in his back, Zolo quit the business immediately.

He signed as a run-runner, the "Marie Louise", taking whisky and other liquor from Vancouver to the States. At sea the Captain, Larzen, appointed Zolo mate over the rest of the 10-man crew. One day, a big Irish tough named Finnegan, reported Zolo had to beat him in a rough-and-tumble brawl before he could assume his new duties.

Anchored off San Pedro, the Marie Louise was waiting for speedboats from bootleggers when a coast guard cutter appeared. The run-runner spooked and moved off but for days was closely followed by the government boat, which effectively prevented any business being done.

Meanwhile trouble was brewing with the crew. The Irishman, Finnegan, led a mutiny with the object of taking control and stealing ship and cargo.

He shot Captain Larzen with his own gun, stolen from his cabin. A few seconds later, however, he went sprawling on the deck with Serge Zolo on top of him. They

fought it out and the Russian won.

He got the gun, held Finnegan and the rest of the crew at bay and signalled to the revenue cutter. A party was sent aboard to take over the Marie Louise.

At San Francisco, Finnegan went on trial for the murder of Captain Larzen. He was convicted and executed.

Zolo was freed to continue his adventures through the Pacific to Tibet, where he endured shipwreck in an island trading schooner.

In 1933, Serge Zolo, tired of wandering and returned to London. He married, picked up some money writing of his adventures and bought a small ship, the "Hazel" for a round-the-world voyage with his wife.

They set out in March, 1937. Three days later a squall caught the Hazel, still off the English coast. She foundered. Zolo and his wife tried to reach shore in the dinghy, but it was holed on the rocks. Their drowned bodies were found washed up on the beach the next morning.

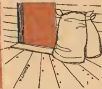
Inevitably, the man who risked his life across the world met his greatest adventure when he returned to the safety of home.



THE MULE THAT LED to death



Bert was a placid man whose life centered around his farm and Louella. And when a man lost Louella, Bert had to kill him.



BETA H. HOGAN

BERT SMITH was a man with an all-consuming love. Her name was Louella. Her neighbors pined when they saw the 30-year-old bachelor farmer crossing roads and meadows at her, putting his big muscled arms around her neck and nuzzling her leathered, whiskey cheeks against her hair.

For 15 years the pair had been the wonder of Cumberland County, North Carolina, where Smith by hard work and uncompromising thrift had acquired two rich fertile farms.

People liked the husky, slow-speaking, bearded Bert Smith. They admired his industry and the way he had grouted a living out of a dry rented block and gradually

holed himself up by his own efforts to comparative affluence. The only fault anyone in Cumberland County could ever find with him was his surprising admiration of Louella.

For 15 years she had shared his life. He looked at her and saw only beauty. Others looked and noticed obesity and ungainliness. She was even cross-eyed. Her laughter, her bad temper, her jealousy over Bert Smith were notorious.

Louella, all agreed, was just about the ugliest "critter" you ever did see. But that did not affect Bert Smith's worshipping adoration. He remembered things the others forgot, how, when he

first started, Louella had worked as hard as himself. She had cleared scrub, even pulled out stumps. She had been a hubwife against loneliness.

Now Louella was old. Her joints cracked like a rusty mangle. But for all that she still liked to think she was helping out a little round the farm. As a result, although he now had a shiny powerful tractor for such jobs, each Saturday Bert Smith took her out and hauled her up so he could plough a tiny turnip patch.

Louella might be cranky and grumpy and only a funny little Gypsy-scented creek, but she had her pride. Bert Smith wanted her to know she was still worth her food.

On Saturday morning, September 15, 1934, the pair of them were out in the turnip patch. Louella seemed to grin as Bert Smith went into the act that was a sort of private joke between them.

"Get along there, you aggravating she-devil," Smith blathered, brandishing a big stick. "Get along, or I'll beat the daylight out of you."

Louella still stood placidly in the turnip patch. Bert Smith was smiling as he left his position and walked up to the mule. She looked at him with one, wide bony eye. He thrust his hand into a pocket as he overalls. When it came out again Louella leaned over and daintily took the piece of sugar his fingers held with her strong yellow teeth. While she crunched away contentedly, Bert Smith reached out and put an arm around the mule's back. He bent forward and watched his face against her.

Smith stopped on an old plough of a car chugged up the back road that started his property. He noted a man and woman sitting in the front and a crowd of children jammed into the back.

A thin, careworn, roughly dressed man alighted. He scrambled through the fence and came across the paddock to where the farmer stood with Louella.

"You Mr. Smith?" he queried as he approached. When Bert nodded wearily, he went on. "How you got a farm might be far rent."

Bert Smith had learned the folly of opening his mouth too wide and too quickly. He grunted non-committally. He did want to find a tenant for his adjoining farm, but he wanted someone able to pay a fair rent.

The newcomer explained that he was looking for a place urgently as his family was homeless. He said he could pay a little down and the rest when he sold his first crop.

That was exactly what Bert Smith did not want. He thought to get rid of the difficulty with a early remark, "Only reason I want to rent my place is to take some cash quickly."

The skinny man in front of him sighed. "I haven't got much," he muttered, "and I've got to get my wife and kids settled. I could pay ten dollars." Bert Smith's face was expressionless as the other added, "How about 25 dollars?"

Bert Smith was still not interested. He shook his head. He picked up the reins of his mule. "Get along, Louella," he ordered the animal and took a few tentative steps as though considering the matter.

The newcomer spoke again with a psychology born of desperation. "That's a nice mule you've got there, mister," he observed.

Bert Smith and Louella seemed to stop of one accord. The farmer took another look at the stranger. "You like mules?" he questioned.

He was told that the other used to breed them. Bert Smith's eyes shone. "Well, now, that's mighty

interesting." He dropped the reins. Perhaps he'd been too hasty. "How do you aim to get through the woods?" he queried.

The man explained that he worked as a carpenter. He said his name was Jake Willard.

Bert Smith became almost affable. "I need some companionship myself," his voice boomed. "You fix my barn roof and I'll take it off your back."

Later that night a farmer driving home along the road by the side of Bert Smith's property saw a figure in the headlights. When he got out to investigate, he found the man was dead. There were shotgun wounds in the face and hand, and he bore evidence of a kick on his right shoulder and a straight drag of tooth-marks on his tail.

The farmer who had arrived to examine the body decided that he must have been in a rough-and-tumble fight before he was killed. He had been kicked and bitten and then smashed off with a shotgun.

Sheriff Ranch was told that the dead man had gone to see Bert Smith about renting a farm. From the road, lights could be seen in Smith's front fireplace. With Deputy Penhall, the sheriff hurried there.

Questioned as to whether Jake Willard might have, Mrs. Willard revealed they had left another farm some distance away because of money troubles. Her husband had debts and one creditor had threatened trouble if he was not paid.

At that moment Bert Smith arrived to see what the commotion was. Smith accompanied the officers back to identify the body. On the way, in answer to the sheriff, he explained that he had lost some Willard told that afternoon. He had lost the new tenant the use of

Lozelle to live in some wood.

The two officers looked at the farmer in surprise. "I don't think you'd let anyone else touch her," remarked Deputy Penhall.

"He was a noble man too," explained Bert Smith, "used to raise them."

The officers returned to Cumberland County to consult Mrs. Willard again as to the exact threats made against her husband by his creditors.

After they left her they walked over to leave a few dollars with Bert Smith to help out with food and necessities for the widow and her children. They could not see him about the farm yard as started towards the barn.

Suddenly a shout came from the house. It was Bert Smith on the veranda. "You keep out of that barn," he shouted in his excitement he rushed down the veranda steps, slipped and fell heavily to the ground.

At the same time there was a wild commotion from the barn. Hooves crashed against wood. A door went flying. An ugly old cross-eyed male jumped out. She looked around, worry plainly evident in her face and moved to Smith's aid.

When the sheriff tried to help the farmer to rise, she barred her teeth threateningly. Smith called her off and suggested to his feet. He took her by the arm and tried to drag her back to the barn. The sheriff stopped him. He pointed to ugly, open cuts and welts on the animal's face. They had been liberally smeared with saliva but Lozelle had plainly received a brutal beating.

In reply to questioning, Bert Smith said he had whipped the male for kicking him. Asked about cuts on his chest, which had started

to bleed following the fall, he said he had run into a posthole.

Sheriff Ranch could see the man was lying. The big bluff farmer was not used to subterfuge and just was evident on his face. The sheriff fixed a piece of band.

From a rubbish heap he picked up a solid iron rod. He held it out to the farmer. All right, Bert, he said, "I'll see you while into her again and we'll believe you and go away."

Bert Smith took the weapon. He raised it while Lozelle looked at him. He looked at her sore, lacerated back and winced. His hand should not hang down the iron bar even to avoid a murder charge.

With a cry he tossed the bar far away. He bent and put his arms round the fat little male's neck. "Lozelle, honey," he whispered, tears coming down his face, "there's no one going to hurt you and live while I'm around."

Bert Smith was arrested for the murder of Jake Willard and made a full statement on what had occurred. He stated that the new tenant had borrowed Lozelle to haul some wood. He had given her to him because he claimed to be a "noble man". However, when he brought her back, her back was raw with blood from a cruel beating. His excuse was that she had kicked him. When he bent to pick up a wooden club, she had bitten him on the rump.

Smith went crazy and hurled himself at Willard. The tenant beat him off with his knife and ran away. Getting his shotgun, Smith waited until he saw Willard leave his house and go down the road towards the state. He followed and shot him to death at a spot well screened from observation by trees.

Bert Smith went on trial for the murder of Willard. He was con-

The average man, deep down, loves his country simply because it is physically more comfortable to him than any other, because, like an old pair of shoes, he is used to it, because its cooking suits his stomach better than the cooking of other countries, because he can't find a barber anywhere else as good as his home barber, and because its girls seem prettier to him than the girls of any other land.

visited and sentenced to life imprisonment.

He went off to the State Penitentiary without complaint when told that Lozelle was being well cared for by a genuine "noble man". No one had the heart to tell him the truth.

When Sheriff Ranch went back to the farm after looking Smith in jail on the day of his arrest he found the male lying dead by the gate of the property.

Her master had looked her up in another stable before leaving. She had drastically looked her way out to follow him, seeing an entry as her lap in the process. She had made it to the gate but was too weak to get through it. She collapsed on the ground and died. Her head was facing into town the way Smith had gone.

Sheriff Ranch buried the male himself. The spot he chose for her grave was in the middle of the hay dump just she and Bert Smith used to plough every Saturday morning.

The turn of a card

PETE BURKE observed me by design out a flash. It was a royal flush. I pushed my chips toward the centre of the table, staked my jaws and stuck to my chair while the low-height over-hand light sunk upon my triumph.

Heard the Duke was the first to take "I'll stay with you, Penty," he said, grinning through his odd teeth. "Just to be kind of accessible."

But other sensible men stayed on the bet. Among them was Frickley, the heavy set backed on my right.

MICHAEL BOLINGER

To me he had all the marks of a loose-camp shagster. I had watched him like a hawk. Whenever he had drink, four or five of the other players, including Heard, had leaned back in their chairs with their hands on their gun belts. And I had decided to thank what a weight of lead Mr. Frickley would have carried across the bunk with him if one finger had ever slipped.

On this present hand Frickley showed in a lot of chips. "The you and me story," he said.

I hesitated just long enough to make the play look good. "Okay," I said, sort of bawling, "and sorry more hands."

He stuck and called me. I showed him what I had. The puff went out of his brows and I



A fast switch, an upturned card, and then I was — up against the wall with a gun in my hand.

was staring into glittering black eyes. Suddenly he leaned toward me and jerked a card off my lap.

It was a trick, and I knew it, but it had happened so fast that all I did was open my mouth and blink.

Frickley held up the card so everyone could see it. "Well, guess an' follow me, fellows," he said, "just looks that!"

Some of the players knew me, but not all. Those that didn't were a flock I had to reckon with. The safest way is to pull a second or two ahead of them, which I did, holding the hand both of my. It close up to my chest and giving them a picture of a small dark hole rimmed with steel.

"Want a minute?" I said, "that's only a mess-green slight-of-hand trick. He had the card up his sleeve and—"

I clipped the words off my tongue too late to check the blunder. Frickley had his sleeves rolled up. Some other way. Lord knows how, he had managed the impossible without anyone seeing him.

Pete Burke, who'd always been a friend of mine, looked oddly at me and shook his head. "Everybody count your cards," he proposed. "That will show up the error. If Frickley's cards, including the one he's holding, run one over, then that means that the sheet card was traded from the deck."

"That it doesn't mean that I traded it from the deck," I asserted, growling at Frickley.

"The card was taken from the deck," Burke announced after the count. "Now what's your decision, gent? Will we give Penty the pot or leave the pot where it is to sweeten up the next round?"

"The next round." The vote was

unanimous, the voices unfriendly. I stood up, still holding my pepper on them. "We go," I said. "I played in hard luck all right. Then I got a winning hand and just because a smart shaker from out of town steals his money-shame, I'm to be gipped to that lot!"

Pete Burke dropped his eyes. "Borry Penty," he muttered, "but the majority rules."

No money on the table. Only chips. Just worthless bone disks, coloured pretty. I felt in a fury of helplessness. Near fourteen hundred represented there and me not a cent in my pocket. My last two hundred had been paid over to the banker, Heard the Duke, just before the last hand had been played. Now the two hundred dollars were chips mixed in with twelve hundred dollars worth of other chips. All I could do was turn to Heard. "Cash that pile," I ordered, "and no funny business. Paid 'em out!"

Heard had a money-box locked in front of him and it was one of the house rules that each box had to be hoisted to the table. The key was in Heard's pocket. "I'll give you ten seconds to unlock it," I said. "Just ten seconds, then I'm starting to shoot. Go on now and unlock it."

A cold trickle of sweat ran into my left eye. We were seven at table and all except one or two packed guns. Actually, what I wanted to was one lone man defying an arsenal. Heedle mine, those were an even dozen hands, each within the power of movement and the threat of death. Beside mine, and probably as good as mine, were six well-equipped re-armed braves against me.

I was awfully leary of a big raw-boned Canadian, heaving from the Upper Yukon, who had come

here in Alaska to hunt. He had the hungry look a hunter has after one month's living on fish. To him, anything that can walk, is meat.

Eight seconds. Two to go. Something had to give. Abruptly Henri crooked an arm at the elbow and started for the top, slow at first, then as on the North Pole. He pulled in his inner vest and finally finished the key.

While Henri was started and shaking the dogs and counting them, I stood by my chair thinking how I would walk out of that den of sinners with a clear conscience and square up with all three wolves outside howling for my life.

For the truth was right bad added me. I owed Grubshak Nikolai for my room and board, Skare's quilting store for the clothes I wore, but the pending thing was the small matter of not having and sixty-two dollars Peckman's Jewellery still had coming after I had plunked down a hundred snappers for a pair I had bought and given to my little nephew, Nemo.

Peckman had threatened to go to Nancy to expose me and recover the amount from her. For me, the

bad days had been coffee, hard and trying, on account of Nancy had extracted from me a promise to put poker odds my life, forever.

But that was just before I had sent Peckman out getting for me. I had only two sources open. Rob the town's leading trading store or have my promise and act in with Henri the Duke. Peckman the honest way, I borrowed starter funds from a bootlegger, and here I was and Henri the Duke had to wait his turn three times counting the first stack of bills.

"I didn't cheat," I said. "And I'm entitled to this money."

Freddie floated the sheet over in front of me, "Then how you gonna explain that?"

It was the toilet, coupled with the anger that guided me to the breaking point, upsetting my last intention. I let him smack on the head with the barrel of the .44. There was a scented of disease, dead weight on the room, heavy like tons of lead. But no one was looking at me, in this sudden new silence in Peckman. The boom-town struggle had sunk, repeated in his chest, had slipped forward on his chest, and was sliding lap-first

under the table. I went cold.

Around the table, I met the second state of Pita Kurto.

"Murder!" he said.

With one exception, everybody stood up, a black furrow and I've got imperium-business-clawed expression grown on his face. It didn't look good.

They would leave me there with the body, which was how my property anyway, to warm out of it like hot I could.

From the tail of one eye, I look in a glimpse of the one exception that had had the guts to stick the Chumak hunter.

"The coop may not be dead," he said. "Thank I'll examine him."

"Go right ahead," I said.

Once more silence fell. Dead weight from forgotten pipes clung on the air. Goose plumes circled my neck.

"I think he's going to live," the Chumak hunter said like he had to admit it. The hunter shookled. "Don't worry about him any more," he said. "I might as well tell you I came across the body with extradition papers on him. Natashe's brother and killer, Joe Spear. Freddie is an alias."

"And you?" I asked.

"Sergeant Dan Cleave, Royal Canadian Mounted Police," he told me.

Then he beckoned me over and showed me some things he'd just taken from Freddie's pockets. A purse jammed with Canadian and American bills, a filled-in cheque that Cleave said was forged, two small bottles, one of morphine and the other some kind of knock-out drops, and last—and to me most important of all—four dozen of cracked cards and three sets of loaded dice.

"I knew all the time that something wasn't yours," Pete said.

Henri the Duke snatched over and patted my arm. "The sorry, Pouty. The pot's yours, of course."

"Thank so," the Mexican said. "Gardening is illegal and, though I have no jurisdiction, I'm whatever, I feel I ought to turn you boys in and confiscate—"

I didn't hear the rest of what he said as accounts my head spun and my ears stopped up. I got weak and woozy and was helped to a chair.

"Take it easy," Sergeant Cleave said. "There's a reward of two thousand dollars for the apprehension of Joe Spear, alias Freddie. Though I followed him here and would have taken him right after the game, I feel you are entitled to a lot of credit."

Skare considered a pal of mine, a comrade, just a month ago. Shot him down from behind. I would have given my right arm to have been in your shoes with a clabbed gun and the authority to use it."

"Well," I said, "that's nice of you but I'm still in a jam."

"How come?"

"If the police of peace find me too peckish, I lose my girl, Nancy."

Cleave's arm crinkled. "That doesn't an entirely different light on everything. Is the lady here—"

"She sure is," I said. "I'd do anything for her. I even promised to give up poker."

"Fine," Cleave said. "And to avoid temptation, take your pot and serve. And don't forget your promise. Nor shall I mine. The reward will be mailed to you next week."

I thanked them all, shook hands, glanced back at the note on the floor, then headed out on the blunderly street and turned north toward Peckman's Jewellery.



"I only regret I didn't sentence you to 99 years when I had the chance!"



"Not, 'not'! You can't do that in me, even if I am top-voiced and A-list," says the dog. In other words, the pooch could be described as a Coach unimpressed. It seems to be absolutely sure.

During the photo, our little man downed a healthy diet—a frequent practice of his. It is a very delicious, even as healthy as the little diet foods, just, like this. Cook, when you're





"Did you want us? We believe we heard you holler, 'Four'!"

LOUIS LADDLAW



He said he created Life

[I]n these days of atomic and nuclear fusion we have come to be less and less surprised as stranger and stranger things have come to pass, but back in 1897 people only believed what they saw and anything they couldn't understand they didn't believe.

And it was in 1897 that we took into the room of a large mansion set on a rise in the remote Queens-look Hills of England. Most nights here the wind whistled eerily and late at the trees around the big house, moving through the eaves and creating the right atmosphere

Did Andrew Crooke create life? Was he a would-be Frankenstein? What was the explanation of his experiments?

for the dramatic events taking place within.

At work in the laboratory was Andrew Crooke, a man who was to pass a barrier in England seldom before occasioned by a single man. He was to be deemed as a blasphemer, a thunder-and-lightning man and a would-be Frankenstein. He was to be hounded into isolation by an arctic public and nearly burned at the stake on several occasions. Andrew Crooke's crime was that he apparently created life!

He did so by accident rather than design if in reality he did perform the seemingly impossible feat. But at all times he denied repeated allegations that he was deliberately attempting to imitate the powers of the Almighty.

Crooke was a man who had the means to spend all his time

doubting as electrical experiments in the big house on the hill. Strictly an amateur, he had no scientific training and his experiments were largely on a hit-or-miss basis. He knew little and cared less about the experiments and discoveries of other scientists.

He was loosely interested in electricity and particularly in the lamp's effect in producing crystals in solutions. It was during one of these experiments that he made his astounding discovery.

Croome had gone to the inside of a lamp, a piece of glass of which from Vancouver and connected it to a mixture of hydrochloric acid and a solution of silver nitrate. He passed a weak electric current through the glass and solution and waited for the silver crystals to appear on the glass.

On the 14th day Croome noticed a few white "pinpoints" had appeared on the glass. On the 15th day, with the aid of a magnifying glass he saw that the tiny protuberances had enlarged and were throwing out seven or eight thin filamentous ends.

By the 26th day the protuberances were diminished by what he saw. The lamps had become the shape of almost identical insects, slender except on a few bristles that resembled tiny tails. The smaller had six legs, the larger eight.

Croome had up until now thought of the experiments as crystals, strange ones, he admitted, but scarcely as living beings. Two days later the insects moved their legs and soon after launched themselves from the piece of glass and sprang freely about in the poisonous solution. More and more of them appeared, until in a few weeks Croome had a collection of 500 of these strange creatures frolicking around as their electricity changed form.

But Croome refused to believe what he had seen, which was what any other scientist would have done in the circumstances. He first of all decided that the insects had come from some droppings by insects flying around in the air of his laboratory and hatched out by electric action. But he could find no traces of any shells in the apparatus and after further exhaustive tests found no way of accounting for the Ascaris, (hooked) Electra as he named them.

The Ascaris had some extremely strange qualities. When in the formative stage there was no way of telling the future insects from genuine crystals of silver. They both threw out filaments but instead of staying stiff and brittle as in the crystals case, those belonging to the insects became soft, pliable and wavered about.

Croome found that although the Ascaris could live in the poisonous solutions in which they appeared, they could live in the water air until the first frost came. But, if, once they had emerged from the liquid, they were placed back in it, they immediately died. Croome was at a complete loss to explain any of the phenomena and when he made his discovery public he said so.

But he was unprepared for the uproar the announcement caused. Checkdowns were visible in their attacks on the "charlatan." Some scientists of the press wanted him pilloried and scientists openly ridiculed his statements. But out of the chaos came a statement from a gentleman called Forester. He declared that exactly the same thing had occurred during some of his experiments. But his report received little attention and Croome was forced by public opinion into even greater isolation. The only

information available about his later experiments was contained in "Transactions of the London Electrical Society" (cir 1880) and "Annals of Electricity" (1887).

It appears that Croome became obsessed for the next and sought desperately to find an answer to their existence. He dissolved the skins of iron oxide and produced the insects in concentrated solutions of copper nitrate, copper sulphate and zinc sulphate, all electrically changed over long periods, sometimes up to two years. The ones appeared at the edges of the solutions.

He produced them in a retort devoid of outside air, one wire being led through the glass wall and the other up the spent after passing through a trap of mercury sealing the entrance. He connected the battery, and oxygen and hydrogen were given off from the solution, which soon drove out all the air. The apparatus had previously been washed thoroughly with hot alcohol. It was placed in a dark cellar and on the 14th day Croome saw an insect crawling about inside the retort. But he made the mistake of not providing the insect with a resting place and shortly after it fell back into the liquid and died.

He later produced some in "an atmosphere strongly impregnated with the gas chlorine". But these insects were different from the other ones in that, although perfectly formed, they didn't move or show any life. Undoubtedly they were alive though, Croome says, because they stayed there for two years without showing any signs of decomposition.

Any other information about the strange insect experiments was unfortunately not published or made available to the public. There are

They told this story in England when the food shortage was most acute and the ration went on a diet of food not eaten there before. A keeper at the zoo asked the hippopotamus why he was looking so sad. The hippo replied: "Wouldn't you be worried if you were? If you are eating limited bacon, you are eating whale meat. There's no telling where it will end!"

the facts as presented by him. There is nothing to support his critics' allegations that he was seeking limelight, it was only through the pressure of friends that he made public his discovery. He died on July 6, 1885 of the age of 71, still unable to account for the accident, steadily denying that he had ever sought to be the Frankenstein that people comically accused him of being.

Perhaps we could pass off Croome's experiments as being a fraud if it was not for a Mr. Weeks, of Southwich. This gentleman became deeply interested in Croome's work and went further with them, making absolutely sure that no foreign bodies were present in the chemical apparatus and insisting that some could enter.

Invariably the "scarus" diseases appeared after the current had been passing through the chemicals for about a year and a half.

Weeks made control experiments, using two sets of identical apparatus, same chemicals but not not

use electrically in one of them. Always the insects appeared only in the changed unit.

One of Wacker's apparently significant findings was that the number of ants produced varied correspondingly with the amount of carbon in the solutions used.

But that is all we know about this man's experiments. It is assumed that he dropped them, either unable to provide any plausible key to their derivation or afraid to go further for fear of what they might happen.

The queer case of Crowe's ants has been argued by a few scientists and laymen ever since, but no one has ever advanced a logical theory.

Some scientists said that Crowe's insects were known types. One, Dr. A. C. Goddard, stated in 1934, that the insects were a common type of household roach, the *Glyptotermes domesticus*, which was extremely difficult to kill and which was known to penetrate tin cans which apparently were hermetically sealed. Some say that if Crowe's and Wacker's facts are correct then no insect yet known could have survived in the solutions that they used for the periods sealed and believed in the way they reported. But these men arrive at the secret of creation of life or is there something behind it all that defies explanation? What do you think?



"Rise and shine! It's time for bed."



He only became a great musician because a woman buried his work-deep in a swamp for three days and nights.



JAMES HOLLIDGE

Jelly roll Jazz king

AN aging Greek died in a "shiny" diamond suit and with a glittering diamond set in one of his front teeth was greeted deferentially by officials when he arrived at Washington's Library of Congress one May morning in 1934.

He took the courtesies respect naturally as his due. Was he not Jelly Roll Morton, a genius of the piano? Was he not the father of modern jazz? Was not the Library of Congress recognizing his importance in arranging for him to record his compositions as an addition to their archives on the folk lore of America?

Now he is dead, but his memory lives on as an American Renaissance Colossus. Jelly Roll Morton is one of the immortal figures of jazz music.

His private life was as wild and exciting as the music he created. He went to jail, loved with the fervor of a Crusader, gambled with the enthusiasm of Nick the Greek. He was shot at, knifed and beaten up.

Morton played the piano like a genius, but always in his pocket there rested a loaded .38. He composed the renowned "Tiger Rag", and he once crowned the

American continent alone and driving two cars at once.

Hot music began with Jelly Roll From as he rolled several fortunes, but his earnings never could have been with his riotous spending. He died penniless in a squallid Los Angeles rooming house, where he had gone to crowded, wretched secret voodoo apartments.

Jelly Roll came from New Orleans, where Morrison had made a big name for gamblers. He was born in 1885 in a tenement in the city's colorful but dangerous "red-light" district.

His real name was Ferdinand in Merkle. His father was a brick-layer of French ancestry. His mother was a highly glib, quick-witted beauty who left his upbringing to his grandmother, a professional voodoo witch.

At ten months he had seen the interior of a girl. A young woman, with whom his grandmother had left him while she occupied up a few odd spins for excitement, got into a serious brawl. She was dragged off to the lock-up and Ferdinand spent the night in her cell.

His grandmother paid for music lessons for him. At seven he had developed into a prodigious pianist and was able to earn his keep by appearing as one of a night club trio. At ten Ferdinand switched to the piano, and he blossomed forth as a fully-fledged member of a young hoodlum gang known as the "Broadway Swells". In a few years he was an accomplished moonlighting tough with a 32 pistol in his pocket for good measure.

Hot music reminded his police arrest. All around him was music, lurching tunes and ears and both wings of a dozen red-lighters that had somehow blended into new wild, blaring "blues". It was

hummed and played and danced to all over New Orleans, although no one had thought of setting any of it down on paper as a music name.

Ferdinand played that name. He played it for a living in dives and saloons and gambling. At 18 he became a piano-strumming "professor" in one of the city's hundreds of baganos. His pay was a mere dollar a night, but he always earned much more from the tips the girls brought out of their windows for him.

On his income he was able to dock himself out in extravagant clothes that left the Broadway Swells gaping—trousers so tight they fitted "like a sausage", silk shirts, Stetson hats and high heeled shoes to increase his height.

In the tops of the shoes Ferdinand carried coloured lights worked from a pocket battery. The idea, of course, was to attract attention.

Soon Jelly Roll Morton was the best known pianist in New Orleans. He changed his name to Morton, his title of "Jelly Roll" was bestowed on him by some of his fans from the way his stomach "wriggled" when he laughed. His rhapsodic piano playing was earning him up to 100 dollars a night by the time he was 17.

Jelly Roll thrived. He avoided the vice and saved his money. He set down one night and composed the immortal "Finger Rag". Like a dynamo, he played the piano all night at his "work" and practiced for pleasure all day.

For all that, at 18, Jelly Roll suddenly decided he would sooner be a mad sharp and gambler and collect more cash than a musician. He left New Orleans and wandered through small towns of the South, practicing his "pook" playing on the locals and picking up a precarious living cheating at cards.

He developed a fair ability at pool, but at cards he was a better show player. Once, with an older, more experienced trickster as a partner, he got into a poker game on Sunday at a large logging camp. All went well until Jelly Roll, ignoring his partner's advice to play the money to him, tried to palm three aces out of his hands and was detected. He probably would have been lynched in the spot had not his friend loaded him extreme wealth and refused to pay anyone what they had lost. The sharpers got out of his camp broke.

The pair "jumped" a freight train for a free ride. They were caught out by a couple of guards and headed off to the local lock-up.

Both escaped jail, an offense for which they were forthwith sentenced to 100 days on the county chain gang.

Jelly Roll managed to communicate with friends in New Orleans. They got money to him. With it he bribed the guards on his gang. As a result, when he jumped from a ferry and scampered towards a patch of woods in a desperate escape bid, the rifle shots that whistled after him all went high.

He reached a farm, stole some clothes from a wedding and made his way to the town of Meeks. A girl friend had him for a fortnight until the law and dry died down and he then returned to New Orleans and resumed as "professor" in a lovely house.

But not for long. The fame of Jelly Roll Morton was spreading through the city. One of the fashionable white restaurants, known as the "Frobenius", engaged him as pianist at a salary which dwarfed that of any other entertainer in New Orleans.

His mother and father were dead

and his only "relative" was his grandmother. On her he lavished the affection of a son and to the end of her life kept her in luxurious comfort.

When Jelly Roll contracted typhoid fever while appearing in Chicago dance halls in the 1920s he was left with his hands half paralyzed. No doctor could help him.

Returning to New Orleans, he sought voodoo treatment from his aged grandmother. She took him to a swamp outside the city and for three days kept him completely immersed, with only his head protruding, in a secret pool of slime. He emerged shivering worse than a skunk on the swamp—but with the paralysis completely cured.

At that time Jelly Roll Morton was a national celebrity. When he worked at the "Frobenius" in New Orleans in 1920, however, his name was still regarded as the city.



The young Louis Armstrong was a later rival of Jelly Roll Morton.

But it was sufficient to encourage a group of other jazz players to a point where they watched him one night and beat him into insensibility with clubs.

A club walled by one of his sticklers had knocked out a piece from a Morton front tooth. He had a huge, glittering diamond, framed with gold, entered in the spot. It was his trademark thereafter.

Towards the end of his life, when eclipsed by younger musicians and he found the going tough, he never found it necessary to refuse on his diamond tooth—although at times he was reduced to playing to order for coffee and doughnuts.

In 1902 Jelly Roll left New Orleans and moved to Chicago and then to California with a jazz band of his own. From it he coined his first fortune that he was to lose over the gambling tables.

His absence saw the rise of a young Negro trumpeter in New

Orleans who was soon to challenge the position of Jelly Roll as the high priest of jazz. They continued as feuding rivals until Jelly Roll's death, each with vehement supporters as to who was superior.

Today Morton's rival is still around and his position is secure as the present "King of Jazz". His name is Louis Armstrong. The experts still argue whether he would have reached that throne and his present unassailable reputation had not death removed Jelly Roll from the contest.

Jelly Roll was rich as he toured the United States for more than ten years with different bands of his own, making it on the grange for ragtime and jazz that was gaining momentum everywhere.

He married a beautiful club singer named Anita Chevalier. At midtime he ran a dance hall in Los Angeles, a gambling hall in Las Vegas and saloons in San Francisco and half a dozen Texas

towns. He developed a latent passion for diamonds, even using them as buttons on his underpants.

Marriage revealed that Jelly Roll possessed a fantastic streak of jealousy. All his life he had loved with abandon. From his youth in New Orleans, women had doted themselves at the talented musician. Yet, as soon as he married, Jelly Roll became cranky with jealousy over his wife. He looted jewelry and presents on her, yet if he caught her even speaking of the weather, with another man he went into frenzied tantrums or went off on week-long liquor benders.

In 1923, after a number of years in California, Jelly Roll decided to return to Chicago, where jazz was becoming more than anywhere. He left Anita in Los Angeles to settle up some of his business affairs. As he left he warned, "Baby I don't think I can live away from you, I'd want to be first."

He promised to send for her within a few weeks. He never did. Anita heard of another woman. She investigated and verified the truth of the story. Then she divorced the jazz king, Jelly Roll, who thought he would die when he left her, made no attempt to see her and they never met again.

When he left his wife to return to Chicago, Jelly Roll stopped off on the way for some recreational gambling. He lost \$5,000 dollars in a crap game in Denver. He went to Las Vegas and lost his own gambling joint. He telegraphed lawyers in various towns to sell his businesses. When he recovered the money he lost that, too.

As a final resort Jelly Roll sold his diamonds, even those on his underpants. When that money also disappeared across the green baize tables he was broke. He looked his way across country and finally

reached Chicago as he intended—just one year late and without a fortune.

He tried to open a new cabaret of his own but found that with the advent of Prohibition such businesses were the exclusive prerogative of the great criminal gangs. Jelly Roll Morton was supposedly wanted to stick to his keyboard or he would wind up in a block of cement. Jelly Roll took the advice. He returned to making his living by music.

During the next ten years Morton turned out original compositions with prodigious ease and efficiency. He wrote and arranged about 100 jazz hits which "became standard in the jazz repertoire, the whole mass of his ideas forming the basis of universal jazz language adopted by every band and written by all composers."

But no one appreciated Jelly Roll's ability more than he did himself. Of all his mother's children, it might be said, he loved Jelly Roll the best. Once he took one of his compositions to the publisher, played it over for him and then said, "How do you like that?"

"That's good, Jelly," the publisher replied.

The King of Jazz sneered in disgust. "Good, hell," he retorted, "That's perfect!"

When introduced to him, a famous entrepreneur said, "Oh yes, Jelly Roll. They tell me you're the best piano player in town."

"The best in town?" Morton repeated seriously. "I'm the best in the world."

Jazz swept the country in the next few years and Jelly Roll Morton was carried along in new affluence. He formed another band of his own, the most famous jazz combination of all time, the Hot Hot



"We tried to settle a matter out of court."



Poppers, and showed up with triumphant automobile toys.

His income peaked until he was selling 1000 dollars a night from his band alone. On the side, much less such as "Black Bottom Stamp", "Swanee Blues", "Turtle Twist" and "Shinefoot" were pouring from his frenetically creative mind and cascading royally dollars into his pockets.

He bought more diamonds, he gambled and he gave money away to down-and-out musicians and friends and relatives in New Orleans with the generosity of a dying millionaire.

In 1923, Jelly Roll married another colored singer and entertainer. Again his psychopathic streak of viciously asserted stuff he made them both miserable as he opened her letters, listened to her phone calls, followed her on the streets and paid stolen of men to test her by trying to initiate affairs with her.

When the depression arrived with the 1930's, Jelly Roll Morton began to decline. Jobs became fewer and he had to break up the Red Hot Peppers. He worked intermittently as a solo pianist, but talented younger players were constantly appearing to give him stiff competition.

He moved to Washington, where his playing element was not so strong, and sunk all the cash he could into a night club. It was for several years, battling hard with bankruptcy. It gave up the struggle completely in 1937, when the proprietor tried to spot a drunk and showed two stab wounds in the chest.

Jelly Roll recovered but was a sick man thereafter. His eye required a needed boost in 1938 when

She sells sea shells

he recorded his works for the Library of Congress. When the job was finished, he dashed off to New York, enthusiastic about the chances of a comeback.

But the spring passed could not survive the exorbitant battles necessary to keep himself to the top and was seen playing for a distance. The knowledge that others were showing up by passing his old times drove him half crazy with rage. He began to experiment with vodka to "heat" them for their treatment of him.

In 1940 he heard from the vodka witch, his godmother, who had brought him up in New Orleans. She had moved to Los Angeles.

Jelly Roll, through all his vicissitudes, had managed to retain two ancient motor cars—a Cadillac and a Lincoln. He peddled his possessions on them and chained them together as that sea could tow the others.

Leaving his wife with promises that he would make good again in the west and send for her, he drove his two jalopies down across the continent to Los Angeles.

He moved into the squalid tenement where his godmother lived and the two plunged into vodka experiments. Jelly Roll lived on the proceeds from the sale of his cars and an occasional royally cheque from his old compositions.

His godmother died, but he continued the vodka rite. On July 10, 1941, he succumbed to a heart attack himself.

Before he was buried, one of the 100 admirers who turned up for the funeral looked in the coffin and saw a gaping hole in the front teeth that had once held a diamond.

Jelly Roll had sold it a few days before his death to help a musician who wanted money to visit his dying mother.

SOPHISTICATION

Since Cleopatra first seduced Mark Antony, sophisticated women have held men enthralled. Today sophistication is even more the trend and this double beauty shows why sophistication earns admiration.

Styled by Noel Hickey



pointers to

better health

BRAIN TUMORS

The chemical 6-mercaptopurine, which is used in treating leukemia, may also attack brain tumors, according to Drs. Alfred Gellhorn, Edith Peterson and Margaret Murray of Columbia University's College of Physicians and Surgeons. They found that 6-mercaptopurine reached the cerebrospinal fluid within five minutes and a peak level in half an hour. It was still present 24 hours later.

ALLERGIES

What causes allergic dust, pollen and feathers are no answer; the cause runs deeper. With the help of radioactive sodium molecules and the polar camera, efforts are being made to find out what goes on in the body of the allergy victim when he swallows or inhales or touches the substances in which he is sensitive. In this way it is hoped to locate the tissue where the allergic reaction takes place. By using the tagged proteins, the department of pathology at the University of Pittsburgh Medical School has found that in the guinea pig the reaction takes place largely in the lung. Now research is under way to discover what happens in man under similar conditions.

CANCER

Probably no disease causes as

much research as cancer and the latest development has been announced by Drs. George O. Gey, William F. Scherer and Jerome T. Sprent of U.S.A. They have found that polio viruses destroy cancer cells in which they are cultivated. All three types of polio virus grow in a malignant strain of cells. The multiplication of the viruses could be stopped at will. The discovery will be of more help to investigators of poliomyelitis than to cancer specialists.

DIABETES

Whales may provide insulin for diabetes. Several top British scientists are investigating the possibility of extracting insulin from the pancreas of whales. A shortage of insulin exists all over the world because it can be obtained only from the small pancreas of slaughterhouse animals. The most shortage of a few years ago cut into insulin production. If this new source can be developed there will be unlimited quantities of the life-saving drug for diabetes. The scientists are spending the winter on fishing boats in the North Sea so that they can make on-the-spot investigations. The pancreas gland from immediately after the whale is killed.



Exotic allure is emphasized in this classical, almost pose pose. No gem could so well set one aglow as the simple, lustrous pearl. For this beauty the world is her arena.



There is perfection and character in every line of this face the perfect moulding of the shoulders and the purity of the pearl in her skin. The girl with all these features adds up to sophistication.

new HOPE from BRAIN change

SPENCER LEEHING



Lobotomy, a brain operation, has personalities of mental patients.

WHEN, on November 12, 1935, a Portuguese brain surgeon named Egas Moniz performed an entirely new operation on a woman of 52 who was suffering from chronic melancholia, he started something the ultimate outcome of which cannot be calculated.

This operation, known as pre-frontal lobotomy, was successful.

What Dr. Moniz actually did was to bore a hole in each temple, insert a blunt knife like a paper knife in each hole, and then pass it up and down to separate the brain tissue, which scumbles jelly. Thus the nerve fibers were cut, and the front part of the

brain was separated from the back.

The patient not only survived the operation, she made such a splendid recovery from her melancholia and persecution complex that she was able to leave the Lisbon mental hospital and resume her place in society.

Dr. Moniz performed similar operations on twenty other mental cases, all of which were regarded as hopelessly incurable.

There were no fatalities. Seven recovered sufficiently to be able to leave the mental hospital, seven were greatly improved by the operation, and the remaining six were unimpaired. On these patients drastic changes in person-

ality took place after the operation had been performed.

News of this advance in brain surgery soon spread over the medical world. U.S.A. learned the new technique, and in 1937 they began to transplant some otherwise hopeless mental sufferers with much the same results as those obtained by Moniz in Portugal.

Since then thousands of lobotomy operations have taken place in the U.S.A.

Brain surgeons and psychiatrists of Britain became interested in lobotomy, and during World War II, when I was the administrative chief of London's mental health services, I became personally concerned with arrangements for the first lobotomy operation at a London mental hospital.

One touring the medical superintendent of one of London's largest mental hospitals asked me if I would look into the legal aspects of lobotomy because he was anxious that this operation should be performed on a certain female patient whom we will call Jane.

Jane was about twenty, came from a good family, was tall, and had been good-looking. But long before the period of adolescence we over the house possessed of a horrible mania.

Sometimes Jane required four or five nurses to hold her down.

The medical superintendent proposed a lobotomy operation. Following legal advice, written permission from her parents was obtained, and the operation took place.

I went to see her two days later. She was lying quietly in the hospital ward, her head nestled on cushions, but with a listless expression on her once beautiful face. What a metamorphosis!

About six weeks later I visited that particular hospital for an-

other purpose. The medical superintendent took me into a large female dayroom. At the further end of the room was a piano, and on the piano stood not a patient playing popular tunes of the day.

"That's Jane," the doctor said. The patient grinned. Obviously she was simple-minded, but the mania had disappeared. Her personality had been changed, and she was a better being again.

What actually happens when the pre-frontal lobes of the brain are severed? To answer that question, one must first recall a little physiology.

A man's brain, consisting of more than 12,000,000,000 separate living cells, is larger in proportion to his size than that of any other living creature. Particular development appears to be in that section of the forehead known as the frontal lobes. These are the mystery area of the human brain, and are believed to be the seat of human personality and emotion.

Thus, the operation known as lobotomy, involving the severing of the frontal lobes, can and frequently does effect a transformation in personality, emotion, and character.

Following Jane's case, we undertook many more lobotomy operations on strikingly unmanageable mental patients, with varying degrees of success. It is significant that the latest available figures in regard to results of lobotomy operations in London mental hospitals show practically the same proportion of success or failure as did the pioneer, Dr. Egas Moniz, with his twenty cases.

The somewhat crude technique adopted by Dr. Egas Moniz in 1935 has been improved upon by brain surgeons performing lobotomy operations. A first-class brain

surgeon can now do a leucotomy in twenty minutes with a local anesthetic. One American doctor claims that he can do a leucotomy in one minute! He inserts a thin spike under the eyelid, and knocks it into the brain with a mallet. A gentle sideways motion with the spike and the job is done.

The word 'cured', which is apt to be mentioned in connection with leucotomy operations, is misleading. Anti-social qualities, obsessions, hallucinations, violence, morbidity, and melancholy may disappear when a portion has been leucotomized. But in their place, quite possibly, will appear complete apathy and dog-like tractability, a degree of childlikeism, lack of tact, and other rather negative qualities.

Already leucotomy has been performed on some criminals whose personality had been adversely affected by an injury to the brain when children. The results of these operations have been encouraging.

Contained in the archives of medical history is the classical case of a man in the United States of America who, about 180 years ago, had a crowbar accidentally run through his head from temple to temple. And yet he still lived! When the crowbar was withdrawn, contrary to all expectations, death did not supervene. The man actually recovered.

But the most amazing feature of this remarkable case was that the man was no longer rather irritable, as he had been, but became a most agreeable and even-tempered fellow.

That crowbar must have done something to those 12,000,000,000 or so living cells which made all the difference between good and bad temper.

Since then there have been many less extreme and remarkable cases of severe head injuries, particularly in war-time, and frequently when the injuries have been in front of the head there has been a change in the character of the patient. For instance, when persons have had operations on tumours in front of their brains, they have often emerged as people of more cheerful and carefree disposition than they were before the operation.

In all these cases it was the front of the brain box, where the frontal lobes are situated, that was disturbed.

Dr Mann, first to perform leucotomy, subsequently became a Frobenius, and in 1938 he received a nobly reserved award of the Nobel Prize for Medicine.

There is one doubt about leucotomy and that was expressed by Dr. W. Grey Walter, one of the world's leading research workers on the human brain and on mental function and disease. He had this to say: "Scientists are wondering whether perhaps they might not have created a sort of Frobeniusian monster. They have relieved the symptoms of insanity. Have they cured the insanity? Or will it sometimes be hereditary, and be handed on to their children, thus spreading the disease?"

When it is considered, it would be a terrible thing to have all people on a set mental pattern, all one-colored and easily persuaded. However, leucotomy will be confined to hospital mental cases, extreme criminals and sufferers of brain injuries.

Subject to certain conditions, the leucotomy operation can now be performed on patients in mental hospitals in Australia.

Other new techniques are throw-

ing new light on the dark secrets of the brain.

Electro-encephalography, or electrical brain writing, literally produces brain waves which are recorded on a chart. Some of these recorded waves—as in sleep, with babies, or when people are unconscious—are slow; others have larger, more regular, or more erratic brain waves.

This discovery, made by Hans Berger, of Jena, Germany, in 1929, has enabled medical experts almost to read a man's thoughts, and to know what he is liable to do.

As with leucotomy, the possibilities of electro-encephalography are beyond counting. Like fingerprints, the recording and filing of brain waves might be used to provide evidence of character, disposition, and attitude to life and its problems.

Electric convulsion therapy and cybernetics are two other techniques which have loomed large on the mental health horizon.

ECT, as it is called for short, is now generally practised in mental hospitals throughout the

world. A large voltage of electricity is passed through the brain, in regular dosage. This treatment has worked wonders on many thousands of cases.

Cybernetics means 'inter-connection', and is a product of the machine age. It has always been assumed that only living creatures have independent, complex, unpredictable behaviour. Some modern machines have shown this to be untrue. For instance, a machine can calculate the stream in a giant estuary better than the human brain can.

The purpose of cybernetics is to ascertain from machines how we humans can manage our problems better. In other words, the robot has come to teach us.

Nobody alive can foresee what all these devices relating to the brain and the mind will bring, about eventually.

But one thing is certain. Like the atom and H-bombs, they will have to be severely harnessed, or they will become Frankenstein's equally as dangerous as any of the products of the atomic age.





"Of hand, I'd say she married the wrong man . . ."

Three real fights Ray and Dolanay fought. And when the fire of their throttles had died, two shells remained.

These FIGHTS set the Pace

RAY MITCHELL



SYDNEY Stadium was packed to the rafters, nervous corners were set up, waiting for the start of a contest which everyone felt would be an epic in the spotlight, under the 48 lights which flood Sydney Stadium, ring, two boxers were receiving instructions from the referee. The boxers were white, boxing gloves, it being thought that white would show out better

on the screen than the usual dark brown.

Instructions given, the boxers returned to their corners for a moment, to don their dressing gowns, adjust their mouthguards and await the bell. This was a fight for which fans had waited for a long time; they knew there would be fireworks. And when the bell sounded, they got, not fire-

works, but an atom blast For all hell was let loose that night, April 4, 1942, when Bobby Delaney, lightweight champion of Australia, crossed gloves with his number 696 contender, Bobby Hay.

For generations accounts have wanted to know what would happen if an invincible force met an invincible body. They were answered by Hay and Delaney. There can be no final result—only a blast which leaves two hunder.

When the first bell rang that night, the two Bobbies tore at one another like tigers let off a leash. Delaney's savage attack forced Hay backward, but he recovered and flew back. It seemed as though the two heroes were fighting for more than a title, to the satisfaction it was as though they were battling for life itself.

That first gang had been a match in a barrel of gunpowder; it had been the firing pin to a hydrogen bomb. A war had started and it raged through the second, third and every round for fifteen rounds. If there was any difference between such three minutes of fighting, it was that each round was a little fiercer than the last.

As early as the second round it looked as though the fight would end in a knockout. Hay took two counts, but weathered the storm. Delaney went crashing overhead in the third round and failed in with all his artillery. Hay laughed until the fire abated, then he opened up with a corner attack that mowed the champion to hold on.

As round after round went by, the crowd wondered how two men could absorb as much punishment. They wondered, too, how much longer it could last. The ninth round came and went, then the tenth opened and it seemed as though Hay put everything he had

into a three-minute rest-stop onslaught, in order to finish the contest. Somehow Delaney survived, although he was out on his feet. The stadium was in uproar.

He stood his ground in the fifth, and the two hunder did not budge as much as they showed each other throughout the whole three minutes.

Hay was the first to wilt and Delaney gained the ascendancy through the next three rounds, but he belted hard for every inch of ground and for every point. The eleventh started and the champion continued his onslaught, which the challenger, all in, fought back manfully.

The bell sounded and Delaney was crowned winner and presented with the Earl Beauchamp belt, emblem of the title till.

When two boxers engage in a thrilling contest of the quality of the Hay-Delaney fight, they automatically place themselves in the popular Hall of Fame—in the little niche marked "Unforgettable Fights." But that two boxers should duplicate and even surpass their triller is phenomenal. The two Bobbies did just that and their three efforts assert each other places them in another department entitled "Unparalleled Performances."

And when the smoke and fire of their three trillers had died, two shells remained. Neither fighter was as good again. Yet the promoters matched them a fourth time—and one shell cracked under the strain.

That open served for years as the yardstick by which all great fights are judged and compared, and it remained for Tommy Burns and O'Neill Bell to eclipse them with their sensational fight on March 3, 1947.

Hay and Delaney were great fighters, though neither could be judged the greatest of all time. In-

stead, neither could make the grade among the ten best lightweights developed in Australia. But their boxing styles blended so perfectly both were so tough and game and both so determined that their bouts had to be thrillers.

The use of Hay and Delaney ran along similar lines, but, strangely, their paths did not cross until Delaney won the title.

Delaney was born on February 27, 1904, and began his career in 1927. He won the Australian lightweight title on July 24, 1930, from Marn Gilgus. Hay was born on March 3, 1901, and he had his first fight in March, 1924, as "Young Mike".

There was little physical difference between Hay and Delaney when they met and there was little difference in experience. Hay having engaged in 34 contests while Delaney had fought 35 bouts. But Delaney was lucky in getting his shot at the title before Hay, because Hay did not have a title shot until he fought Delaney, although, up till then, he had defeated twice one Australian champion in non-title fights, two ex-champions and two future champions. Bobby Hay has gone down an Australian boxing history as one of our greatest pugilists and one of the best who never won a title.

Hay began as a bantamweight in Melbourne, and, after a series of victories, became a featherweight. Leaving Melbourne, he went to Broken Hill, where he became an idol—an idol whom Broken Hill people still discuss with respect. It was at Broken Hill that he beat the then featherweight champion of Australia, Tommy Crowe, and ex-champion, Coosa Jackson. He beat Crowe again at Broken Hill and demanded a shot at the title, but Crowe fully refused.

PUTTING ON DOG

He was a cheeky Delaney man.

Who watched the triller all day.

He saw them go down and saw them go up—

And reckoned he earned his pay.

But he never received a penny, I fear,

So he tackled the boss in the showery.

The boss just laughed— "You don't work here."

"I do," and the pup, "in the Poke house."

—AM-EM.

Hay made his Sydney debut against the Filipino, Young Chico, at Leichhardt Stadium. Bobby won and created a deal of comment, some said he was the makings of a champion, while others said his cross-arm defense was too clumsy to be effective against a really first class fighter.

There was another aspect of Hay which caused adverse comment. That was his method of training. He sparred 20 rounds each day in the gymnasium. Critics said he would burn himself out—and they were right, as Bobby was through at 23. But it was the fights with Delaney which had most to do with his short career.

Hay journeyed to New Zealand, where he was hailed as a sensation, just as he had been in Broken Hill and Melbourne. Upon return, he fought with success at Melbourne and Leichhardt, knocking out Jimmy Kelen in a round at the latter stadium. He shuffled Kelen on four rounds at the Hill. Kelen later won the title from Delaney.

and became one of the toughest men ever to fight in this country.

May showed in Brisbane and again was hailed as sensational. He won three fights within a fortnight in Brisbane, and all hands the distance. Back in Broken Hill, he knocked out Billy Jones, who later became welterweight champion of Australia, and who also held the lightweight title of one period.

All these performances of May's in different cities were helping to build up to a title fight with the champion, Delaney, and, during 1931 he reportedly challenged Delaney. But the champion turned a deaf ear. Instead, Delaney went to New Zealand, and, upon his return, May issued him with a writ for \$2000, for breach of contract. Nothing came of the writ, and for a while nothing came of plans to match the pair.

Finally, when interest was at fever heat and speculation as to the ultimate winner was rife, contracts were signed. So they met in their initial bout at Sydney Stadium.

Six weeks later the two met again in what was to have been a title fight. But May weighed in one pound overweight and the title, thus, was not at stake. This second match, like the first, was a war. The result was a draw.

From May 14, the date of their second contest, to July 11, the date of their third, both boxers spent their time looking their wounds and training hard. Both weighed over the weight limit and both had lost their edge, but the spirit was still there and the third war started where the second had left off. The tides of fortune saw-sawed until the tenth round, then May spilled Delaney to the deck. Suddenly the champion rose to his feet, and, as May rushed in, he clinched and held on desperately. Only a great

heart enabled Delaney to get out the 15 rounds. May won on points. Thus the series was open.

Delaney went out for a spell, while May was in action a month later, stopping Kid Corns. He then returned to New Zealand and fought Big Trouern. But the war had not on the concern of both May and Delaney. May suffered double vision in a fight with Al Foreman, Empire lightweight champion, who later lost his title to Koba. Foreman outpointed May. Bobby told me one of his double vision, but took a spell from boxing in the hope it would clear.

Upon returning Bobby blasted the hopes of riding water. Jimmy Burke, then fought a draw with the visiting Englishman, Ernie Neustark. Delaney, in the meantime, had lost his title to Jimmie Kato.

Then came August 14, 1932, and two worn-out warriors faced each other across the Sydney Stadium ring for the fourth time. May and Delaney were to decide the issue—who was the better man? The question was never answered; after six rounds Delaney was closed on points, but hurt his hand and quit in the seventh.

Delaney went on fighting sporadically for a while, but May had only one more fight. That was against Ted Morgan, the popular American who was making his Australian debut in this fight. They saw two Teds in that fight—as if one weren't enough to face. The double vision, noticeable earlier, had not disappeared—it had been accentuated. Morgan won on points and May retired, aged 32—a shell of a once great fighter. There can be too much of a good thing. After their first fight May and Delaney should have stayed apart. If they had, they both would have lasted longer.

May had a little poem — one that didn't show, but everywhere that May went that poem laid people low:



DEADLY MARY

GUS SOERENSEN

[IN 1931, on a summer's day in

New York, a young woman walked into Mrs. Stricker's employment agency. A clerk checked through the list of female vacancies and was able to accommodate her client. Not long after, Mary Mallon was on her way to Maine to fill the post of cook at the summer residence of Coleman Drayton, a New York lawyer.

After she had been on the job a fortnight, strange things began to happen in the lawyer's house. First, the daily help became suddenly ill. Before the week had passed, seven out of the nine in the house were confined to their

beds. All had contracted typhoid.

Coleman Drayton well knew the severity of the disease, having experienced it before. It was a miserable summer vacation for the lawyer and kinds of extra work for Mary Mallon. Between the two of them, they looked after the patients and kept the house in order in appreciation for his cook's added labors, the lawyer pocketed off an extra fifty dollars for her. But it is a sure thing that the money would never have left Drayton's billfold had he known that it was the cook who was responsible for the infected household.

It wasn't the first time that Mary Mallon had been in a house when typhoid had broken out. Two years previous to her engagement at Maine, she went to work for a family in New York. There was an illness attached to the household Mary when one of the young men in the house went down with typhoid. The cause was suspected to have come from an army camp. Mary Mallon was still around New York the following year and she was in the employ of another family. That time it was the husband who spent her Christmas in the Roosevelt Hospital.

Mary Mallon liked fresh surroundings. In 1900, she was at Long Island, serving up the meals to a large household. Her infectious germs spread rapidly and in no time four of the staff were indisposed with typhoid.

That same year there was an epidemic of typhoid in the town of Rhode on Lake Cayuga. Well over 1000 were victims. By 1903, the Health Department in New York had a massive list of over 1000 typhoid cases including 499 deaths.

Mary Mallon could not possibly be held responsible for that tally of typhoid cases, but she was a generous contributor, and the latest list of victims handed into the Health Department in the summer of 1903 were definitely caused by her.

That summer, Mary was going through her culinary routines at a place called Oyster Bay. It was the same old story. Within a week, six people in the house were ill. Mary didn't want to see what happened to them, but peeked up her rear and left the job. The stricken ones recovered and with the summer over the house became vacant again.

Then it was the owner of the house at Oyster Bay who had a problem to face. No one was interested in setting foot inside his place. He was told by several wealthy tenants that his house was unhealthy and the possible reason was bad drainage or a faulty water system. The landlord called in a sanitary engineer.

George Soper was the engineer. He gave the house—both inside and out—and its surroundings a thorough checking and passed in a report to the owner that the house was in the clear as far as any infection was concerned.

Soper said: "I believe the typhoid outbreak in your house has been caused by a carrier." Soper went on to explain that certain bacteria harbored in their bodies typhoid germs, but were immune to the disease themselves. These people were known as typhoid carriers.

But George Soper didn't stop there. He was interested in his job and, convinced he was on the right track, he made it his business to see the last tenants. In New York, he started with the wife of a banker, a Mrs. Warren. Yes, she and her husband had taken a party to Oyster Bay, Soper was told. The mention of the cook and her sudden departure aroused the sanitary engineer's interest. But all Mrs. Warren could tell him about the cook was her name and the agency which sent her.

Soper was hot on the trail after he left Stricker's agency with a briefing on jobs Mary had taken. He finally caught up with her. She was employed as a cook in a large establishment on the western end of Park Avenue. Soper was determined to hear that one of the staff was in hospital and another young woman was antitoxically

ill in hospital from typhoid. The sanitary engineer was taken into the kitchen where he came face to face with Mary Mallon. He told her he believed she was a typhoid carrier, and that he would like her to have a hospital examination.

Mary's blue eyes glared and her face went a cockle-burst shade. She screamed to Soper to leave her kitchen and emphasized the order by grabbing a carving knife.

Soper left hurriedly but did not drop the case. He discovered that Mary had a boy friend. Soper found Mary's friend much easier to get on with and more so when a round of drinks came his way. The sanitary engineer had established this friendship as a means of seeing Mary again. One night he went to the apartment in Third Avenue to see her. Mary hadn't arrived and Soper sat on a raptorial chair waiting for her. He was disgusted with the room, which was nothing more than a filthy, refractory den. Soper was alone—in conversation

anyway—for Mary's friend was stretched out on a sofa, drunk. The engineer forced himself everything he heard movements in the passage outside. When the door did open, Soper flushed a smile. But all he got from the female visitor was a cold stare and heaps of angry shouts. He knew it would be crazy to stay and in an angry mood himself, he left.

George Soper was still very annoyed when he left Third Avenue and left him striding back to the apartment and taking Mary to the hospital by force. Instead, he told his story to the Health Department and they decided on action. It was just as well, because Mary was about to change her job again.

Soper reminded the health authorities of Mary's violent temper, her stink and abusive outbursts against him. Well armed with that information, the department's inspector, a Dr. Josephine Baker was supplied with a body-guard of three policemen.

Early one morning the party



"Oh look, Robert, I knocked this poor little nut down."

arrived at the house where Mary worked. Mary opened the door, but a look of fright crossed her face when she saw the representatives of the law, and she ran back into the house.

The surprise of the visitors' sudden arrival had caught Mary Mallon completely off her guard and there were no difficulties in capturing her. Dr. Baker talked kindly to Mary and explained that all she wanted was attention and then she could go.

Mary yelled and cursed and said she wouldn't go to any hospital. Then it was Dr. Baker's turn to get on a storm foot. She gave the word to the policemen to take Mary and put her in the ambulance inside the vehicle. Mary looked and fought and tried every means she knew to break out and get free.

But her struggles were in vain and her aggressive mood collapsed when the ambulance drove into the hospital grounds. Mary still looked angry enough to knock down the first person to touch her, but when the time came for her examination she submitted quietly.

The specimens proved that Mary Mallon's body was a storehouse of Bacillus Typhosus. There was only one thing to do and that was to keep her at the hospital in isolation. For a while, Mary Mallon's shack was a locked, white-walled room, furnished simply with a bed and locker. Later, she was transferred to more comfortable surroundings in a small house on the grounds of Riverside Hospital on North Brother Island.

Mary Mallon had been at the Riverside Hospital for two years when a well-known lawyer named Francis O'Neill, realized that the holding of anyone against their

will was violating a Constitutional privilege. In the lawyer's brief were the facts that Mary had not been represented legally and by being in isolation, she was more or less a prisoner.

O'Neill, representing Mary, had her rights aired in court when he said the city under writ of habeas corpus. Doctors on the stand swore that Mary Mallon was a menace and a definite danger to society. But the case fell flat. The judge refused the issue of Mary's freedom.

The only thing left for the Health Department to do was to release Mary. However, the department put a proposition to Mary that she take up another job other than cooking and report to them every three months. Mary, full of grief, agreed. But she had no intention of carrying out her promise. She gave herself a fresh name and went back to the culinary trade.

But wherever Mary worked, there were outbreaks of typhoid. For another five years she led her hell-bent trail. At the Sloane Hospital for Women, in New York, 23 were infected with typhoid. It was at that hospital that Mary got the name of "Typhoid Mary."

Once again, she was called in by the health authorities but strongly enough, she went quietly back to her residence at the Riverside Hospital. Mary Mallon was middle-aged by then. For a while she was employed in the laboratory at the Riverside Hospital. In all, she spent 23 years on North Brother Island. She collapsed with a stroke on Christmas Day, 1932, but hung grimly in life for another six years. Mary Mallon's final day came on November 11, 1938. She was buried in a cemetery in The Bronx.

The fastest girl in town

D'ARCY HILAND

You never saw anyone run like her, And we'd have made a fortune if it hadn't been for one thing.



BANISTER broke the four-minute mile, the first in history, they say. He wasn't a girl, done at 7'11 told you.

Ten years ago me and Jannace Foster went bunk. It was on doctor's orders. Our doc was a friend of the Police Commissioner. Yea, that's right, the city was too hot, and you won't wonder why when I tell you what a trade we'd been doing: selling jockey's hot-sheets, doping cops, and running in fights. You just can't expect to be on a good thing all the time.

Well, all right, there we are now in the open street, it's just one

big paddock to us. There's trees and behind them more trees. We go into towns and they're all the same. No buses, no trains, no nothing. They all drop dead after three, gentlemen. Please. We find we're thousands of miles away from home, and it can make you pretty and all side of heart. But it's always been like that with me. Two miles outside the suburbs and I've been crying for mother. That was back-blocks enough for me.

Still, we had a good time while our coin lasted. Then we were down to it.

"I've had enough of this, Jamaica," I said one day. "Do you reckon there is some chance of getting out some sort of an alternate certificate with the metropolitan copshop?"

Jamaica Friers was the quietest bloke in the world. If he said two words he'd worry for half a day whether the second one was necessary. But he was thereby and lightning in a dust-up, and he had a first class think-box in his head.

He reckoned he'd put out a lead, and the answer was a lot worse than we expected. We got word of the bulletin still accepting from a mate of ours, Chocolate Fingers, in the Snake. According to Chocolate the heat was there and we wouldn't have stopped two yards from Central before getting seized. He told us we would be well advised to partake of the wholesome country air for some time. We thought we'd better get into muffs of some sort.

We became swagmen, hooked all our cheap duds and collecting ourselves for the part.

When splitting down one day trying to get a blasted fire going with wet wood when Jamaica gave me a call.

I stand beside him and do what he's doing—stare. We are stretching across a grassy paddock a single acre at a hare. She's wearing a dead shirt and blue jeans.

That bare sweater and doublet but the runner does the same and finally catches it and stretches it out.

We look at one another, and then we look at the girl walking back towards the fence with the dangling body at her side.

"It's not natural."

"Hey?" I called.

She stopped still and we walked

over to her. She smiled, shyly. She had piercing black eyes and they glowered behind the fringe of her blown across her face. I did all the mugging, but she wasn't interested in me or my astonishment. She had those big velvet optics on Jamaica and they were all for gawking. She shuffled and looked uncomfortable. He was never much of a cat for the women.

Anyway, when she said that maybe we'd like to go and have a look at her place we stopped in to have beside her skirt.

She lived with her father in a little weatherboard shack on the scrub. He was a slacker, middle-aged bloke with teeth like old ivory. You couldn't touch him anywhere about hisself. He said and her name was Shandy. I didn't bother asking how how come. You could see she was all white with a dash of blue. That mightn't have been the reason, but I settled for it, anyway.

While she took the heat apart in the kitchen the old boy told us a lot more about her. Always she could see, from the time her mother died, and before, and her mother died when she was seven.

"How old is she now?"

"Just turned sixteen."

"And you brought her up?"

"Wasn't any trouble," he said.

"None of it. Never had any trouble and get her to school even. And get her all the way there and back. Ten miles from here, you know."

"What, not every day?" I said.

He nodded, with some pride.

"Never missed once. And she's very good in the house, too. Makes it like an effort."

"But this runner?" I said. "She doesn't run, she flies? She can be in like I never seen anybody be

it before. She's—she's catlike."

"The here, you mean?" The old bushworker gave it during and a grin. "Oh, it's common for her to do out and run a rabbit down for dinner."

Well, Shandy did so well with that far-bearing quadruped that you couldn't tell it from chicken except for the knee-joints. The meat was extra good, and she was pleased to know it. She killed Jamaica with kindness. There wasn't much difference in the colour of their skins. He had a head of little black curls and a coppery face. He came from the same place as Peter Jackson. Some reckoned he was Peter's double.

Afterwards, wrapped up in our blankets under the game we smoked and thought it was then that the idea started to rattle around in the old noggin. We could make dough, look up a squirrel, have her beating sugar-harvest, cyclists, foot-runners, Bill her at the Human Racket. These things were hot news then. I turned to Jamaica, talking fast with excitement.

"It's a crackerjack," he said. "But I reckon we ought to keep going."

"Ah, you've just got the brown-up."

"Brown-up? Not what about?"

"That stuff. She's making a pitch and you don't know how to handle it. You've got the chance to clean up but you'd rather turn cocked and do it on."

"You not frightened of anybody," Jamaica said. "Lots of all a bit of stuff."

"Okay," I purred. "Then it's settled."

But it wasn't. As usual I did the talking. I went down to the house in the morning and went in while Jamaica stayed outside. I spun the words for Shandy and her old man.

I lined up an couple of robes and all the treasures of Arabia. I spoke of force and fortune as though they were next door neighbours. The old bloke came in, but not Shandy. She wouldn't play ball. I didn't waste time like some drongo who knows who can't tell when the customer really means no. I went out, pulling a bag lip, and dreamed Jamaica.

"It's your happy now," I said. "See what you can do."

I know he didn't want to talk to her, but he did. I waited outside. In five minutes he was back, and I didn't like the sour look on his face.

"What'd she say?" I asked.

He glowered as though it was all my fault. "Ah, she said she'd do anything for me."

Well, that was it. Me and Jamaica noted out the preliminaries. He didn't stop the job in any way, but he didn't have that old willingness about him. I knew why. He wasn't at ease. If the girl, instead of playing up to him, had been aloof and disinterested he would have been himself.

We picked our town and set to work. We talked a printer into doing us several posters and a few hundred dollars and had him thinking it was an honour to work for the money. We got school kids to distribute them for free passes. We got the shoreward bushdiggers by promising to give a portion of the proceeds to charity for the benefit of the town. This amounted to a small sum to defray the cost of repairing a horse trough donated by the late Annie and George Hills. Though of course we didn't say that then. We arranged with commercial and business houses to donate the prizes as a stored advertising stunt. You'll be wondering where we got the stickers to make our-

wives such respectable professional men. The Demolition Society couldn't have been kinder.

The first show was real box office. The crowd poured in from all over the district. We had half a dozen blocks running sidewalks—bicycle knock-ers and chocolate wheels—and stalls serving up hollywaunder at threepence a glass. We had in the stag cycle races, tent pegging, musical chairs and three or four others.

Then we brought on our star

attraction—Shandy, the Stamen Rocket. She gave the best foot-runnings there 20 yards start in the 100 yards race and practically left them standing. The star cyclist who had a running start also looked by five yards over a hundred. Then we put her in with the fastest peed we could find.

Before we locked them off in the 400 around the ring, me and Jannace started a little discreet bookmaking, offering 30 to one on the girl. The odds were as good

that the punters queued up. In half an hour we had £200 in bets. And we collected the lot.

At first we weren't sure—the horse would be in front, then the girl, then the horse—but over the last 100 yards she came like a flash.

The harvest was such a success that I was all for doing no time in putting on another one. We tried off another town, and got the bell ringing again. This time we got the local paper to play the publicity about the wonder girl. There was plenty to go on from the previous meeting.

This time, though, our idea was to release a live hare and set Shandy and a mounted greyhound after him. The crowd was immense, and we told everybody that the dog had a much chance of rolling over the hare as Shandy did. Again the punters turned up in droves, and even we set up a book. Well, to cut it short, that dog selected and followed all over the place compared with Shandy, she seemed to think with the hare's brain, she anticipated his every turn and turn, and then she had him. She caught him, lifted him, and then let him go. The crowd went wild with cheering and clapping.

Out of that show we bought a cheap little floppy that changed a lot but got you there. I had no intention of throwing away the money-spacer set-up, and Jannace reluctantly had to agree with me. It was all settled for a third carnival, and we were on our way to the town—Jannace and Shandy and me—when it happened.

Shandy, who was sitting on the back, suddenly leaned forward and got her arms around Jannace, who was riding beside me, and kissed him on the cheek.

"Ah, out it out," he said roughly. She fell back, silent, and in the

silence he sagely went on. "You had this I'm finished. You two can go on with it but I'm definitely out."

"Ah, you know you don't mean that, Jannace."

"Don't B" Jannace said. "Stop the car. Drop me here. I'll go my way."

When I didn't look like believing him, he suddenly switched off the ignition and sagged at the wheel. The front came down so where the car overturned and that was it. Me and Shandy were okay, but Jannace was badly hurt.

Well, she took one look at him and off she went on the mile to town. I looked at my watch. Instant reflex action? I don't know. It was three and a half minutes to six. Well, you know she was at that town at six o'clock. Those who saw her running down the main street remember the Town Hall clock striking the hour.

A doctor came hotfoot. He said Jannace was lucky. Another five minutes and he would have been a ghost. He would have liked to death. They got him to hospital and even he was right again.

But Shandy, she didn't run any more. That superhuman effort disabled her. She broke a bone in her left foot. Her pace was gone.

Of course, we knew why she done it, Jannace maybe more than me, and that's why he said: "If a woman thinks that much of a man he'd be a fool to walk out."

"Not that you mind much staying home, anyway," I told him with a wink, letting him know I was a widelap.

He had his arm around her when I left them and walked on down the road alone. Nobody would think of running a record note for me. That's what you get for being — well I don't know. You tell me.



"What kind of a show? What parrot show? You're making me show my ignorance of current events!"



No. 13

CAVALCADE HOME OF THE MONTH PLAN FOR ECONOMY



With the high cost of building accentuating the demand for minimum houses, many interesting solutions of this special problem have been developed over the last few days.

CAVALCADE suggests a plan for a small, two bedroom house in timber, which is only 9 squares in area. The large living room serves the dual purpose of lounge and dining room, and is served direct by a well-appointed small kitchen. The two bedrooms each have built-in wardrobes and

there is a linen cupboard adjoining. A washing machine is placed in the bathroom, thus eliminating the need for a laundry and complying with the requirements of most building authorities.

The sketch suggests a modern treatment for this small home, but the plan is equally suitable for a more orthodox design, if this is desired.

The minimum frontage required to accommodate this nine square house is 55 feet or 48 feet, according to the way it is placed on the site.



Robert G. Young

FAKED FOSSIL

In 1912 the Geological and Mining Museum, in Sydney, Australia, was presented with an insect was in scientific. It was accepted as a fossil of the tertiary period. Last year the fossil was exposed as a fake. It appears that it is a wing from the common great green tree froghopper, *Tropodendrus baridus*. The crystal of scientific had been covered with a lacquer, the wing mounted and the edge of the crystal powdered to imitate the cracks.

DIAMOND DIGGERS

Since diamonds were discovered in South Africa in 1867, the government has opened several potential diamond fields and has made the prospectors, in order to stake out claims, race to the areas from a given point at a given signal. Perhaps the greatest of these races took place at Lichtenburg on March 4, 1897, when 25,000 diggers, watched by 100,000 spectators, ran three miles to the new Groenfontein field.

SKYSCRAPER

A skyscraper 425 feet tall has been built in Pittsburgh, U.S.A. by the Aluminum Company of America. Except for its base

framework, it is nearly all aluminum. It is the lightest building of its size in the world. The thirty floors of offices are warmed and cooled by aluminum panels in the ceilings, the lights get their energy from aluminum wires and water flows through aluminum pipes.

SURPLUS ORGANS

Men possess more than 100 vestigial organs which, although probably some of vital importance, are now no use to him. Among these useless organs are the vermiform appendix, the ear-muscle muscles, a certain fold in the eye, the Dorsal tubercle of the nose and the tail of the base of the spine.

STAR OF THE NORTH

Four stars have been honored during their lifetimes as was Norway's celebrated seaman, Frida Hansen (1853-1887). After her untimely death she won awards at nine international exhibitions and had become museum piece, the Norwegian government, fearing all her work may be purchased abroad, passed a law forbidding the export of any more of it.

THE CULT OF THE TALKING CROSS

CARL MORRIS



A strange sect in Mexico worships a large wooden cross which has the words 'I AM' on it.

EACH earliest step that I took carried me deeper into the bowels of the mountains, and deeper into the past. It was a sweltering August, 1941, when I entered the cave. A half hour later, shivering and stumbling through darkness underground passageways, I could have been in prehistoric Mexico.

Two dark-skinned Indian boys carried coate torches ahead of me. Beside me walked Manuel Garza, the man who was taking me to see the strange cross that talked. In the first murky chamber we entered, he showed me steps cut in the floor centuries ago by his pagan succe-

tors. He also showed me primitive paintings on the walls, ancient symbols of what I had first supposed was a dead religion.

But the spine-tingling tales he told me about life in the last corners of isolated jungles and mountains proved beyond a doubt that the old gods were still very much alive—and their worshippers still very active.

The old man who attended the talking cross, Manuel said, was a shaman, a witch doctor who, like the others of his black brotherhood, had inherited the secrets of his ancestors. These men were

respected and feared by the people of their villages.

The cave itself was no ordinary one. Long before Cortez and his band of conquistadors ever dreamed of the wealth hoarded in the halls of Montezuma, pilgrims came from all over the land to the Cueva del Rey, Cave of the King, as it is known. An underground road led here and ruled the countryside from his sacred cave.

In one of the twilight chambers, an old man pointed and glowered out over ceremonial fires, the light reflecting in his eyes.

Long after the Conquest, the cave was discovered and outraged missionaries cast down the idol and destroyed every vestige of the barbaric rites. They even set up a cross, deep in the cave, to drive out the evil spirits. In time, the cross, too, disappeared. Fanned rites were no longer held in the subterranean chambers. But the cave still lived on.

Indians came secretly for forbidden worship, their voices echoing underground in the gibberish of traditional chants. Offerings of corn and flowers were left, copal incense was burned. Children and birds were offered up as sacrifices to the lord of the cave. These rituals were continued into our own times.

Now, Manuel told me, a strange cross had suddenly appeared in the cave—a cross which, like some of the natives themselves, was more pagan than Christian. It was attended by a shaman, descended of the earlier temple priests, and it spoke, just as did the old him. Manuel reminded me that the cross was known to the Mexican centuries before the white man had brought it as the great symbol of his religion.

The narrow pathway skirted a

great cluster of glistening stalactites and the cone flames shed their feeble light into a tremendous cave whose vaulted ceiling disappeared in darkness. Everywhere I looked, I saw the apple-like stalactites hanging like monster Jacks, and like great swords impaled in the earth, the stalactites reached up to meet them.

As we approached, I saw that the cross was dressed in human clothes. A sack coloured white was wrapped about the upright and draped gracefully over the arms. A man's figure was faded about the base of the cross.

Without a word, an old man stepped from the shadows and came up to the fire with great dignity. The shaman! He wore a serape pulled up close over his mouth and nose. He stood waiting before the fire, the reflected flames dancing in his jet eyes.

The voice was enormous, deep-toned and vibrant. It was an inhuman voice, heavy, cold, oppressive.

It spoke the incomprehensible syllables of an Indian dialect that was all ornaments with no vowels. It clicked, clattered, rasped and buzzed. I could not tell if it were the voice of a man or woman. My impression was not that it could have been either, but that very definitely it could have been neither male nor female.

At the first rolling sound of the voice, the shaman dropped quickly to his knees and bowed his head before the cross. Manuel, frozen motionless for an instant, started openmouthed at the cross, then knicked the shadows of the stalactites leaped upwards as the two boys knelt and laid their foreheads on the ground.

It was black and appeared to be extremely old. The lighting, start-

ing flames of the fire and the two cone brands tracked my eyes over many nothings—a slow, blind motion, almost as if the cross shrank! Its shadow squirmed on the wall close behind it.

There were tiny circles at its base, white flowers, tiny white fern and squish. It was impossible to say what the wood was—only that it was coarse-grained, green and blackened, as if by smoke.

Suddenly the voice stopped. An aggressive stillness flooded the cave. I heard faintly the heavy breathing of the shaman and the patter of the flames.

I could understand nothing that the cross said, but the Indians were listening attentively, apparently taking it all in. When it stopped abruptly, the shaman began speaking, his voice low and muffled. His human voice was a shocking contrast to that of the cross. He sounded frail, weak and three-voiced.

When the cross interrupted him to speak again, I was amazed at the difference in the two voices. The tones of the voice were inhuman, yet had none of the mechanical sound that electronic amplification would have given it.

Manuel motioned for me to leave my offering. I put it on the altar of the circle. I followed Manuel and the two native boys through the tunnel and finally out into the cool sun of the twentieth century. We were still dreaming.

The next night, back at the Mexico Courts, I mentioned to a man I had met earlier what I had seen in the cave. He was extremely interested. Talking crosses were apparently not new to him, but he was surprised to learn that one was speaking so close to Cuernavaca.

"Manuel said the shaman was

taking it away very soon," I told him. "He said that was the only reason why I was allowed to see it."

"You don't stay in this place for long. Not even in such an ideal spot as that over you describe. They are illegal, you know."

"Illegal?"

"Well, not that it really means much, but the shaman who leads one can be arrested if anyone takes him bothering about it. These talking crosses have caused plenty of trouble in their day."

He told me their strange history. Temples, whole—all heathen temples were destroyed during and after the Conquest in 1521. And though the Spanish rulers substituted the cross for the prototype idols, the old ways did not die out. The Spaniards were shocked when they heard reports of talking crosses, clothed in Indian garments and worshipped as the embodiments of ancient pagan gods.

They set out to find them, and to bring the Indians around to Christianity. But soaring mountain ranges and swarming jungles were terrible barriers. Their task, even though they made remarkable progress, could never be completely realized.

One of the most influential of the talking crosses, and the one that virtually launched the business as an almost organized cult, appeared to the natives of the Quintana Roo territory. These Indians, proud descendants of the old and glorious Mayan civilization, wanted government influence for generations.

In the middle of the last century a general wave of open hostility between Indians and whites flamed across Mexico, and the Mayans were leaders in the revolt against their foreign-blooded rulers. In the midst of this uprising, a cross

mysteriously appeared on a makeshift tree in a little village called Chien Santa Cruz, a stronghold of the nationalists.

More startling than its unexplained appearance, however, was the fact that the cross spoke to the Indians in their own dialect, something that it was the Holy Trinity and saying that it had come to aid them in their fight for freedom.

By the hundreds, the avid natives flocked to the magical tree and listened to the stirring words of the cross. It damned the Spaniards and all foreigners who had invaded Indian Mexico. It whipped the Mayans up to a frenzy.

The fame of the cross spread as far and its inspiration became so effulgent that within a short while the government sent out a large force with machine arms to take Chien Santa Cruz and destroy the ever-worshipping numbers that attended them, the Mayan God. When, much later, they returned to the devastated village, the cross was gone.

But three more talking crosses appeared, saying that they were the daughters of the original one. Called La Sanabria, The Most Holy, and shown publicly only on rare occasions, it has a double which takes its place on outdoor religious processions. Though it has not actually spoken for years, it is reported still to write notes, signing them with three little crosses.

Most of the talking crosses were finally discovered to be deliberate fakes. The original cross at Chien Santa Cruz was exposed as a political fraud, intended to inflame the rebellious Indians. The government troops who destroyed the cross learned that its voice was

an Indian ventriloquist hired by a native who was eager for the revolt. The "voice" was killed, but his boss escaped, staying undercover until the coast was clear, and then returning to set up the three daughter crosses.

His ventriloquist had been killed so numerous written notes that made such a hit were his only way of making a direct contact, between the Indians and the crosses.

"Well, if they're all fakes," I asked my informant, "what about this one I saw? There was no ventriloquist I could see! There were five of us there, and I know for a fact none of us spoke. I was watching the others closely."

The man shrugged his shoulders. "I said most of them were exposed as fakes."

"You mean . . ."

"I only mean that some were discovered as fakes. There are lots of spiritualists in your own country. Are there also genuine ones with strange powers?" He rose from his chair and stared off toward the mountains. "You've been in Mexico long enough to know that strange things occur among the people of primitive regions here. I don't say your cross talked. It sounds—well, of course, it sounds impossible. So do reports of voodoo and black magic."

"And you are the one who should tell me. You had a rare chance to see one of these talking crosses. What about it? Did it talk?"

I wanted, of course, to say "no." But I did not answer him. I still can't answer the question. Logic and common sense tell me one thing—but what I saw, and heard, and the experience I went through won't allow me to accept cold logic quite that easily.

IF you see him call a Cop

KRIS BRADSHAW

Otto Shapeway was a mastermind who personally conducted his amazing campaign in the field. That is why Hitler used him.

THIS MAN is a giant, six feet four inches tall, weight serious. His hair is brown. A scar runs from ear to chin on the left side of his handsome arrogant face. His name is Otto Shapeway, and as a member of Hitler, and anyone knowing his whereabouts should report to Secret Service. Shapeway has been dubbed the most dangerous man in Europe, and this is why:

He was Hitler's prize secret agent. He was the leader of Nazi saboteurs, and peer among them. He was not a wimp behind a desk at a fancy, London advertising campaign in the field. To him fell the toughest problems. He relieved them. Nothing seemed beyond his powers of accomplishment. His talents, courage and general decency revealed the plotting of a mastermind and the physical prowess of a doer. In fact, about his fate and exploits there is something of the emotional touch of Superman.

On July 26, 1944, Berlin. Munich. He resigned with his colonel and was placed under arrest. Marshal



WE BACKED HIM!

The jockey sat astride the horse;

(It was the popular tip)

Then prior to moving round the course

He asked for the riding whip.

The owner started where he stood,

"You'd better start your run"

"The last jockey did no good—"

"And he threatened this horse with a gun!"

Pietro Badoglio, who took his place, announced that the Fascist Party was dissolved. The one mistake made was in keeping Mussolini alive, for alive he was still of inestimable value to the Axis. Hitler wanted to get him back into captivity.

But how was it to be done? Mussolini was in no common spot. He was held prisoner on a mountain peak watched over by four hundred Italian guards who policed his every move. Hitler did not know how to release his ill-starred cohort. But he gave the order that he was to be freed. The yard was up to the men chosen to carry it out. Skorzeny got the job.

It looked a hopeless task. But with fifty men, which he personally handpicked, a rider and an airplane, the cunning, daring Austrian spectacularly accomplished the mission—actually kidnapping the Duce from the right of his captors in what seemed to be an impossible feat. In September of the same year Mussolini proclaimed the establishment of a Republican Fascist Party, filled with

the German army of occupation and set up his new Government in Northern Italy. Although the war-tick Italian people were split and confused, the Party attained considerable power and authority in certain regions of the nation, and the resurgence move definitely helped to prolong the German campaign.

Mussolini gave Skorzeny an engraved watch that Hitler gave him the Knight's Cross.

In 1944, German Intelligence learned that Admiral Miklos Horthy, regent of Hungary, intended to abandon his allegiance from the swastika to the red star of Russia. Skorzeny scolded the regent's castle wall to capture him, but Horthy had announced Hungary's surrender and begged Skorzeny to prove ruthlessly to himself every liecast. He finally located Horthy and rushed his captive to Munich in the face of the conspirator Russians.

Skorzeny took the strains of Yugoslavia, like those of a puppet, in his ingenious hands, and did most towards preventing Mikhalovich and Tito from joining forces against the Nazis.

The time came in 1944 when Hitler began to see fugitive, twitching glimpses of the war on the wall. The emotional against could not bear to believe that the vast and wonderful military machine which had groined under his genius was breaking down, that the world of the Third Reich was to become one with the dead and forgotten but once great civilizations of U and Carthage, Troy and Babylon. He remembered the picture only a few pages before, on September 1, 1939, the terrible condemned thousands rearing his Poland, the thunderer fleets of aircraft that darkened the sky, the screaming armies



of 1,000 men, spelling the death of a country in ten days and the carrying up of the body in less than four weeks. Such power should not be sheltered.

Ritter planned a tremendous and desperate stratagem. He recruited by the armored divisions, would smash the American drive in the Ardennes, which was amazingly weak, and then speed northwards to cut off nearly half the British, Canadian and American troops in Europe, cut off their external supplies and their last port, Antwerp. Thus, in the German mind of the Führer, would hold down the US and Britain long enough for the Germans to be able to produce, quickly enough, V-bombs, jet planes and submarines to turn the tables and win the war.

"There is only one obstacle," Ritter told Skorzeny "To get control of the bridges over the Meuse, so that our Panzers can cross I rely on you to clear away that obstacle."

Skorzeny picked 200 men who could speak English and banded them in a special unit. He clothed them in the uniforms of American dead and prisoners of war. He coached them in American mannerisms and customs, even to the way a GI opened a packet of cigarettes. He instructed them in American slang and profanity, drilled them in a knowledge of American military equipment and weapons—in short, converted them into almost perfect dupes of American soldiers and officers.

Then he sent them infiltrating into the American lines, carrying their poisonous gospel of demoralization, their powers of spying and sabotage. This was known as Operation Greif and the men were known as Greiflers.

The wild, snow-mounted Ardennes echoed with the thunder of armoured German divisions, reinforced by twelve more, smashing their way through the thin German Skorzeny's Greiflers, using captured American tanks, some like a plane among the Americans. They cordoned off airstrips, supply dumps, and routes used by American reinforcements, passing the knowledge on to the German artillery. The Greiflers cut telephone wires, blocked roads with iron, derailed road signs, removed mine danger warnings—creating total confusion and consternation.

There was no morale among Greiflers and German troops. They had their code of signals—the raised helmet, the blink of coloured flashlight.

The American losses were like a landslide before they did not suspect the truth. Even when the first three Greiflers, disguised as GIs, were taken into custody for not knowing the password and captured, some US officers dismissed the plot as farcical.

But when intelligence officers found a German radio and code book, and Allied technicians intercepted Greifler radio reports vividly describing the strategy and German tank attacks among the Americans, they had to believe it. And then the spy-band was on. Every soldier, every jeep, was checked. Questionnaires and voice tests were applied. It was like hearing a secret in a woman. The rebels balked and blundered into the waiting nets. In some instances the portland cement search to draw away, in others they rushed road blocks. But day by day the prisoners increased.

One revealed that the 15th Panzer Brigade, under Skorzeny, was operating captured American tanks.

It was a preliminary report until it was in position to seize the Meuse bridge. Skorzeny's American tanks waged out half an American captured battalion which couldn't understand why its own tanks were being on it. Bit by bit, plots, cages and threats were revealed.

Another prisoner told of a plan in which Skorzeny and his party, posed as and representing American officers, were to appear at Allied Supreme Headquarters at Versailles with a batch of German generals whom they would claim to have captured. After telling their admissions on this point, it was merely a matter of waiting for the opportune time when the phoney Yanks would meet the staff and Skorzeny himself would tell General Eisenhower (Whether or not this story was true, it had the immediate effect of instilling an elaborate system of protective security, and Eisenhower, against his will was kept virtual prisoner in his own house for a fortnight).

One hundred and thirty Greiflers led by the US military tribunal were found guilty and convicted of violating the laws of war by wearing an enemy uniform for the purpose of sabotage and espionage, and were executed by a firing squad at Hagen Chapel. Belgian radio broadcaster broadcast details and gave a description of capture wanted, including anti-aircraft, Skorzeny.

But Skorzeny wasn't finished. Even though Operation Greif was an abject catastrophe of the Nazi intelligence Service, he threw all his subtle, unbridled resources into drawing up and making more costly the Allied advance into Germany. In his instructions his agents buried explosives everywhere after the invading Germans—

explosives so cleverly concealed that every commonplace object, even the stones and gravel on the roads, were suspect body traps.

When Himmler, Goering and other big Nazis committed suicide, it was Skorzeny who prepared the poison capsules and contrived to surreptitiously to those men.

Adolf Hitler, a Hamburg radio announcer and on May 1, 1945, had died amid the shot and shell of Berlin, had died amid the ruins of that burning city, still at his post defending the Reichsbannerliery.

There are some who contend that Skorzeny argued that unnecessary; that Ritter did not see the but was inspired away by his brilliant perspective and that because of him the little poltroon who painted the world red is somewhere alive today.

Sixteen days later, at American headquarters near Salzburg, Austria, Skorzeny surrendered. He served 22 months solitary, was tried at Dachau, some charges against him being withdrawn, and the balance, after two and a half hours' deliberation, strangely enough, freed him.

However, since he was an SS officer, he had yet to be tried in a German denunciation court. While in prison, ten letters and offers of aid reached him from America, and whether or not his liberation was arranged, the fact is that on July 25 1948, his cell was bare and from that day to this Otto Skorzeny has been in hiding.

He could be in Europe. He could be in America. He could even be in Australia. There are men waiting for the unmistakable hand of Otto Skorzeny, the plane-capturer, the denier of the Third Reich, to show itself again.



COLEMAN MEYER

TIME TO KILL

There's a sucker born every minute—one for each wise guy who dies!

BARRISH whistled contentedly as he maneuvered the convertible through the congestion of slower city traffic. He came to a halt at a red light, surveyed the waiters at the crossing with contemptuous good humor.

Suckers, he thought. Suckers, every one of them. Just those that peeped every day to keep smart eyes up in the shops.

Before the next light, he cut sharply to the left, ignored the squeal of brakes behind and parked the convertible in a red zone that held a fire hydrant. He got out, reared and looked at his watch. The hands were straight up and he had a long time to kill. He walked slowly to the red-drummed

store on the corner.

The smoke shop was dim, un-suspected. The man on the counter had his head at Barrish's elbow. He said, "Hello, Henry."

"Hall of suckers," Barrish said. The man reached beneath the counter, produced a tinbly, wrapped coin roll the size of a nickel. He accepted the quarter Barrish tossed, counted his allowed portion. Barrish broke the roll open by cracking it on the counter, carefully tossed the smooth, weighted coin blanks in his coat pocket. "Any stopper?" he asked.

The man silently reached below the counter again. "Three," he said without interest and tossed a pair of dice on the surface.

Barrish pocketed the dice, turned and walked out. At the corner he passed, lifted a newspaper from a metal rack that said, "DRUG COIN HERE. His hand reached in his coat pocket, asserted metal in the dice. It dropped with a proper sounding clink. He stuffed the folded paper in his pocket, walked slowly up the street.

The sidewalk was well patronized for the hour.

The eyeshaded man at the counter was making pencil marks on a large, square sheet, tallying a twenty-six game.

Barrish's hand came from his pocket. It was a long, snake hand and the man with the eyeshade could have been pardoned for not knowing the two dice were pitched between the middle and index finger. He picked up the leather box, said: "I'll shoot a frame," the eyeshaded man growled around his cold, cracked lips. "Three," Barrish said.

He tilted the cap close to his ear and then plunged the dice on the felt board, hard. Several bounced over the small board around the box, went on the floor. The eyeshaded man, maturing around his eyes, retrieved them.

Barrish accepted the dice, capped his long fingers over the box and rolled again, hard. One cube bounced free of the board. Went over. The man stopped once more. Barrish's hand passed lightly and swiftly by his pocket, dropped two more dice in without sound.

At the tenth roll the eyeshaded man looked at Barrish coldly, made marks on the pad at the eleven and twelfth roll. Then, as Barrish rolled the dice the third time, picked the leather box from his fingers, placed it on the counter behind him. "That's all, brother. How'd you like it? Merchandise

or half off and cash?" Barrish said cash and snatched out, followed by the balded glare.

In some three hours Barrish was going to kill Dolph Astoria. But he wasn't thinking of that now. He was thinking of what a sucker he'd made of the guy with the eyeshade.

Suckers, Barrish thought. Nothing but suckers. Even Sid, and Sid was supposed to be a smart operator. Barrish grinned to himself as he thought of Sid Big Beanie, a smart operator. And yet Barrish had led him into two and a half grand for a lousy fifty-dollar shell job. Those guys in the West were pushovers.

It was three o'clock when Barrish pulled up by the theatre. All of his suggestive language of the past few hours vanished. His thought processes fell into a familiar pattern as he eyed the parking space his plans called for. A small coupe was moored there. He checked the parking meter, saw it had fifty minutes to run. He set the convertible on a crossing path around the block.

Forty minutes later he was in the spot, the last space up to the red-tiled theatre marquee where no hangering car could park in front. He unlatched the glove compartment, withdrew a gun that he transferred to the waistband of his trousers with a swift motion.

He got out leisurely. His hand sought his coat pocket, withdrew a coin and automatically inserted it in the parked meter coin as his eyes were checking the street. His fingers twisted the handle over for full sixty minutes. Then he stroled slowly to the corner.

The showhouse was T-shaped, entrance and marquee on the main street, width of balcony hanging out on both sides but inset

back from the street. The north street held a small confectionery, a tiny parking lot and, on the corner a small brick building with a large sign that said **WLORET**.

Ed had forgotten the shop for him three days before. "The Star" is a trash. The business is done upstairs in the back. Always runs a big back—see that. He leaves every day at four forty-five. . . ."

Barrish looked across the street, agitated with satisfaction the spire of the pile driver that showed above the wall surrounding the excavation where a new building was in progress. The pile driver whooshed and changed rhythmically. He fixed the sound. It had a place in his programme.

He turned and briskly went back to the theatre. "Late seat," he said to the girl at the window. The doorman took the ticket, returned half. Barrish walked through the grand lobby, mounted the stairs. It was swarming time. The vast carpeted hall was unattended. He removed his hat, left it on one of the overstuffed chairs in the waiting area. Then he continued to the right, went down the stairs and out the north wing. The heavy plate-glass exit doors had handles on the inside only.

Barrish looked around. There was no one in sight. He produced a small wedge-shaped rubber door stop, locked it firmly against the right hand door to hold it open just far enough to get fingers on it. Outside, Barrish turned right, looked casually around. He walked into the cool darkness of the parking space behind the small corner building.

At four forty-five, he moved deeper into the darkness of the semi-garage.

A man stood on the landing platform Barrish's eyes were on

him but his eyes were fixed to the wheel of the pile driver. The pile driver whooshed. He squeezed the trigger.

Barrish clambered over the bumper of the car, supported the crumpled door on the landing in cool appraisal. He pocketed the gun, walked the two steps down the landing. Suddenly, at the corner he glided again, entered his steps. Night as well gave them something to provide cover.

He leaned over, placed a coin in the large hand, made it into a fist.

The plate-glass door showed no one in the theatre east. His fingers pulled the door to him. He stroked lightly up the hall. At the turn, a night man in a white-colored uniformed coat with gray sleeves raised an inquiring eyebrow. "Hi!" said Barrish easily. "Golden was and Almont walked off without it."

Barrish retrieved his hat, decided his way through the lobby to the front exit. He pushed open the door, stifled an exclamation and let it swing back hastily.

A three-wheeled police motorcycle was parked in the red zone directly in front of his car, the leather-faced motorcycle policeman in conversation with a man who was leaning on a rubber-tired cylindrical can.

He walked to the room marked MEN, lit a cigarette, stared at his watch. The minute hand gave up these maneuvers. Then five. He started for the door, returned abruptly to the sand-filled urn for cigarettes.

His fingers searched the sand, withdrew a wire basket that made stub removal easy for the clean-shaven man. He hooked the urn deep in the sand, replaced the wire tray, smoothed sand over carefully. Then

he went to the front exit. There was two minutes remaining for his hour's parking to be up.

The motorcycle was gone. He walked promptly to his car.

Heavy hands clamped him softly on both sides, stopped him with his foot on the running board. "Okay Mac," a voice breathed in his ear. "That is the law!"

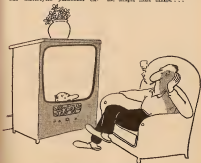
The parking meter collector leaned his elbows on the rubber-tired, cylindrical money repository. "How about it, Ed?" he asked the leather-faced motorcycle policeman. "Did they let the guy?"

"Yeah," the motorcycle man replied. "The inspectors were staked out around the place and put the stove on him just as he was sitting in his car."

The motorcycle policeman ex-

plained in the warmth of superior knowledge. "Holdouts," he said "are all alike. They are so busy playing smart they forget the little things."

"The hot-shot was from the East and he had to act big time and leave the stiff with a nickel doubled up in his fist. Only he was in a hurry and it wasn't a nickel—it was a slug. Almont's girl came out back when she didn't hear the car start and she plucked the Hall. Hamblide got right on the job and they were there when you called me over to tell me that you had a stopped parking meter. One slug would have been all right in either place. You need a guy for the gas chamber. You see what I mean, Teds? They always forget the simple little things. . . ."

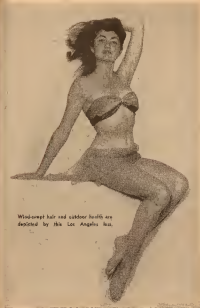


"Have you been feeling L-O-O-O-O-O-O-F lately? . . . If so . . . watch what happens when I take just ONE tablet of Dr. Ward's Formula 404 . . . !"

Patterns of Pulchritude



Marjorie Lowell is a girl who
gets much of men's hearts



Wind-swept hair and outdoor health are
depicted by this Los Angeles girl.



Hazel Miller Scott shows smiling at Southampton.



The girl of 1935

You may not have an individual phobia, but you may share one that is common to thousands. And it affects your everyday life.

Fears, Follies and Phobias

WALTER SPEARMAN

MARY J. went through life as an agony of avoiding certain situations. She could not fly; the airplane was too small, and, besides, all the windows and doors were damaged. She could not sit in the middle of a theatre seat-row. There was a vague uncomfortable sense of suffocation. She could not exercise herself in a toilet. The door always had to be left ajar. Even then she would come out pale and shivering. Traveling in cars was an ordeal. Buses with their windows shut tortured her. She would endure it for a few stops, then get off, sweating and shaking.

Mary J. was ashamed of her phobias. A brave and brilliant woman, she managed to control her fears so that few outside of her own family guessed the trouble. She came, at last, to the stage where she realized that she and the phobias could no longer live together.

She went to a psychiatrist. He told her that the seed of her phobias had been sown far back in her life and once he had discovered that long ago incident it would be impossible for her to relinquish her fears. Mary J. currently despises of being cured, so-applied to the best of her ability.

"When she was very small her mother would shut her in a dark cupboard to punish her. The small child would scream herself into



systems, and would be subject to visiting attacks for hours afterwards. Then, when she was nine, some playmates persuaded her to hide in a large, wooden box, and then about the bed on her. They had gone away and left her there for twenty minutes. She had been terrified she would suffocate, and had been almost unconscious when they let her out again.

This strong memory occurred unconsciously again and again, whenever she got into a place that reminded her of the cupboard, or the box. The roof pressed down, the air was unbreathable, she couldn't GET OUT.

Like a horse, she shied whenever she reached a remembrance point of experience.

Mary J began to be cured as soon as she realized she was not going insane, as she had thought. The psychiatrist did not force her to go into trancelike states all at once. He advised her to try herself out, and to leave the room or the box as soon as she felt the panic rising. She did. Soon she could spend longer and longer times in such places without feeling terrified. Then one day she discovered that she had been right through a theatre programme without remembering that she was claustrophobic. After that it was only a matter of time.

Geoffrey K., on the other hand, was frightened of the dark. Geoffrey could not even define what it was that frightened him. It was just that the darkness itself was overwhelmingly fantastic. Each night, while he was asleep, he was conscious of the blackness outside, for his dreams were all of secret and gloomy places, such as caves, full of danger and fear.

Darkness has always been a mystery to primitive man. It was not

just the withdrawing of the light, but the coming of something else, and a sinister something. Too, for it sheltered the wild, unlearned beasts which could be kept away only by artificial light—the camp-fire. Night was full of strange, unidentifiable cries and noises.

Yet a child is not born afraid of the dark. It has to be made that way. Someone else's terror has to be communicated to it, or it is automatically frightened.

This is what happened to Geoffrey. He could not remember it, for it happened when he was three years old. An older sister, mischievously and silly, told him tales of the terrors that lurked in the dark. When he was thoroughly frightened, she bullied him into doing what she wanted by pushing him outside the door and locking it. By the time their parents had found out, the damage had been done.

Mary J has a counterpart in every home. So has Geoffrey. You don't think you are a counterpart? Can you climb a flagpole without getting dizzy? Can you look over the side from the top of a tall building without feeling dizzy? If not, you have a fear of heights.

Can you play golf with a much better player without discomfort? Can you play a lot of tennis against a champion without making excuses for your bad defeat? If not, you have a fear of competition.

Maybe you feel embarrassed when you meet a member of the opposite sex? Maybe you drink up in company. If so, you have a feeling of inferiority—a fear that you are not as good as other people.

Fear is itself is neither abnormal nor illogical. Every human being is capable of it, and though all may not display it, all feel it at some

time or another. It is part of the ethical training of most nations that the display of fear is disgraceful; self-control even to the point of apparent insensibility is required of adult males. This self-control is our primary means of producing courage.

Fear originates in the mind, in a perception of danger. It has well-known physical characteristics. We are all familiar with the sweating hands, the trembling body, the white face of the frightened.

We are also familiar with the glandular results of fear — how these little glands perched above the kidneys, the adrenals, pour forth into the bloodstream their mysterious secretion of adrenalin, a strong stimulant which will spur the body into all kinds of unusually vigorous action. As the old story-tellers say, "your last wings in his heels". More precisely, adrenalin enabled him to run

faster than he ever had before.

Life itself is so full of so many dangers that fear is a natural companion for us all. You can have a great fear of cancer—and it is a very well-based one, considering that one in every five die of this terrible disease. You may well fear war. The odds for its recurrence are too great for its recurrence are too great for a normally intelligent person to do otherwise.

Women fear the pains of childbirth. If they did not they would be either ignorant or completely unimaginative.

Yet we do not spend our lives agonizing over the prospect of having cancer. We do not give up our businesses and go into brooding retirement because the possibility of war has become a probability. Women go on having children.

The fears have been controlled. If they are not, if they swell into vast chambers which fill the whole mind and life, which run away



"You should have seen the one I just got away from!"

with all reason and common sense . . . they have become phobias.

The seed of the phobia, therefore, is in an inherent lack of self-control. It may be a reasonable lack of control, and this theory seems proved by the fact that nervously debilitated people are more subject to phobias than are healthy ones.

But there are other factors, common to all human beings, which help the phobia to grow into the Frankenstein monster. It often is One is the obscurus refusal to examine the phobia coldly in order to discover wherein lies its terror. The other is that curious human vanity which prefers to be different from others, to be in a way among a herd who are phobia-free.

Fear is the tree, and the strangest branch the phobia. But there are other lesser twigs which exhibit just as well the obstinacy and the vanity which feed them. One is the fat.

The faddist is common among us, and even the most intelligent can produce the most trifling fads. Such expressions as, "I can't bear to drink out of a thick cup"; "I'd die if I ate liver"; "I never wear cotton next to the skin" are all examples wearingly common.

Few of these people will tell you or can tell you why they'd die before they ate liver. But they will all make sure you know they won't. They are proud of their fat. It makes them delightfully different. There is a distinction in being odd. They stubbornly refuse to experiment. They are completely steadfast in their particular dislike of the particular thing or mode. They refuse to bring common sense to work on their small problem.

The faddist can, of course, go to great lengths, until in his small

way he becomes eccentric. He may find himself unable to do anything unless he is using a blue pencil on pink paper; he may find himself so devoted to a certain old dressing gown that he does not feel happy out of it.

But whatever has led, he will be proud of it, and will give it maximum publicity.

Dr. WILHELM STEKEL, a pioneer in the field of psycho-analysis, and one of its greatest practitioners, had these types tagged the week "I am strongly opposed to the suggestion that everyone should be analyzed. Many persons are much happier with their wilful blindness and their neurotic attitude than when they are robbed of their illusions." The analyst, he held, had no right to be a universal specifier of truth at all costs. Truth was not always a sure foundation for happiness.

It is not only a pride in his affliction that is often part of the phenomenon of a neuritic but also the fact that, though he may wish-fully beg to be cured, he is inwardly afraid that he will be cured, and is determined that he will not. He will use reason and reason to aid his resistance.

Stekel was convinced that there would always be incurable patients, who, in their search for health, run from one analyst to another. Their are patients who will try to justify their illness belief that they are doing everything in their power to get well, when, as a matter of fact, they are all the time under the domination of the will-to-suffer. It was no easy task, in his experience, to lure a man lost in day-dreams from the luxuriant realm of his fantasy into the dreary waste of a workaday world of reality.

The great Viennese doctor said:

Sun, sand and soft drinks . . .



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"We must always take into account the neurotic's hidden pride in his belief that his is a difficult case—one of the most baffling cases that he is alone in his misery; that no other person is in quite such a predicament, and above all we must not forget the patient's hidden gratification at the thought that nobody in the world, not even the most famous specialist, is able to conquer his trouble."

The victim does not wish to prove an easy case. In many instances, the illness is generated purposely for the purpose of enabling him to dominate his environment and carry out his will, though at great cost to himself. The patient, at heart, is antagonistic to the analyst and is out to achieve a victory over him. By doing this he will prove himself unique, has defied beyond the power of even the greatest of mortals to heal. It depends on the individual and the circumstances of the case, but the psychoanalyst has to guard against the mistake of telling the sufferer that his case is not a very serious one, merely an everyday occurrence.

For since the neurotic usually regards his nervousness as an extraordinary work of art he is incensed at the thought of having to share his invention, the product of his genius, with others.

Again, if the cure is easy, the patient feels that his malady was trifling, a fact he will not admit or allow others to believe. As an example, Schick was treated a retired physician for four months and made him better. At the end of that time the physician happened to meet a man who had been under treatment by Freud for over a year. The physician was so amazed that he could not bring himself to do anything; he brooded

for weeks over his disappointment at the thought that his case had been cured so much more quickly. Why had Freud's patient taken a year? Didn't that mean that his case was much more serious than the physician's? And how could that be? The physician applauded the analyst for taking his case so lightly, for underestimating the gravity of it.

One tells of the case of fear as superstition. Superstitions themselves are artificial, but the tendency to believe in them seems to be natural. No one ever was born with a superstition. It was inculcated at an early age by someone as important as, or more important than, oneself. Belief in superstitions, omens, charms and so on can be shallow or deep. It can lead to a mild feeling of unease, or a hysterical attack of panic.

We have all met at least one person who has been reduced to a trembling mass of nerves because some superstition has been broken — mirror smashed, salt spilled, or a new moon seen through glass. Such a person will refuse to examine rationally his or her superstitions.

They will readily tell you how they feel, but will shun around the dangerous corner of WHY they feel that way. And they will inevitably say, presently: "Of course, I'm terribly superstitious."

They wouldn't be any other way for weeks. What they suffer through their superstitions is more than made up for by their feeling of difference.

Both hidden and superstitions are forms of mild exhibitionism, more compensating than harmful. But they are irrational habits, and as such can grow into phobias.

Ironically, the patient will often claim that his fears are actually

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phobia, though he would run from the mounting terror and unknown existence that is provoked by a true phobia.

A phobia is a mental obsession. It can accompany insanity, but it is not insanity in itself. It has been defined as a persistent abnormal fear without logical reason. Nearly all phobias, with persistent treatment and the suitable co-operation of the patient, can be cured.

It seems fairly well proved that in an enormous degree phobias originate in some previous related experience. They are not even

punisher to human beings. A horse which has been badly frightened at a certain corner will pass that corner thereafter with ears pricked and skin twitching, ready to shy at anything. Frequently a horse will not even pass the corner at all. The memory of his previous terror sets all his nerves on edge.

The most common of the phobias is claustrophobia, or the fear of enclosed spaces—just like Mary J. had.

As fear's give rise to habits, so can habits give rise to fears. Modern living, with the imposition of



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If your subject is not above, write
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6.4.4.1 *Example 1: A simple case*

175 - 185 - 195 - 185

hate and greed, has been breeding a race of selfish people. People who are always fighting. They have some peculiar little nervous idiosyncrasy, some unconscious muscular reaction which, while they may be some kind of safety valve in themselves, can be extremely irritating and annoying to other people. Often, when the white becomes aware of this, he resolves to conquer it, but doesn't always succeed, and sometimes ultimately finds himself becoming subject to it as a slave to a master.

It may be the mere habit of twiddling a piece of string, pulling coins in the pocket, swinging crossed legs, fidgeting with the feet. The habit may indicate tension, nerves, stress, awkwardness in company, an innate fear of not being certain of the other person's feelings towards you. Afterwards the victim feels mortified at his awkwardness, disappointed and self-reproachable. He will often feel despair at thought of his weakness, which, in turn, only aggravates his sense of inferiority.

So, as with the claustraphobes, though for different reasons, arises a fear situation in which he may reveal again his weakness. In the end he keeps to himself rather than subject to the risk of derision and embarrassment.

Are you one of those? Have you a love for attending your friend's place for dinner because you love-dinner declares love you in share your food in the front of your mouth like a rabbit, and that is why, if you turn up at all, it's always after dinner? Have you a fear of going to the concert or to church because you can't break yourself out of the habit of croaking your bronchitis away so often?

You certainly can be a social deadweight to yourself and to others.



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WALTER L. RICE
 THE HIGHWINDS (ARMORY)
 Box 1001, Co. B, 1st Inf.

Plains used up the free book, *The Ministry of Life*, which explains how I may learn to use my thoughts and powers of mind.

100

1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1997; 278: 1039-1044.

Figure 1

[illegible]

greatest fear was that he would not receive the respect and admiration he wanted—all the time. His fear possessed itself in a phobia which, in the end, drove him into weeping, brooding hours of youth and sleepless tortures as he nursed grievances and harboured what he imagined to be slight and critical glances.

Inward behaviour men do not like women who exhibit certain mannerisms. The way they stand in a room, a walk, or a plain, silly woman, a fear of not being popular with men in general. The imagined repercussions of such a state can be, and are, detrimental to that woman. The last-mentioned of the three particularly is capable of having her reasons on false premises; she is liable to form wrong conclusions and so develop a phobia about certain generic types of men who are perhaps short, slight, blue-eyed, thin-lipped, or in some other way characteristic of those with whom she has not made a hit. Curiously it may be only a dislike at first, then a prejudice, but it can grow into a fear and a phobia, capable of inducing mental distress and physical strain in its possessor.

NOT all men understand why it is, or take the trouble to find out, but many women come to marriage with a phobia. To them sex is distasteful; they have a subtle fear of the sex act. Often this stems of girls' conversations them-

to the husband or fiancé. George Ryler Scott, in his *Encyclopedia of Sex*, says: "There are grounds for supposing that the incidence of frigidity in women has always been overestimated. The stimulation of frigidity has been taken for true frigidity, and this has accounted for the widespread acceptance of an artificial sexual as a normal characteristic of the majority of the female sex."

In other words women may pretend frigidity because they have been brought up to believe that it was wrong for a woman to show any response of desire or passion. "So closely connected were sexual apathy and feminine morality that no respectable girl . . . dared to exhibit the slightest knowledge of or interest in anything pertaining to the sex act. Such knowledge or show of interest was reserved for the loose women. The result was that sexual edification and apathy were looked for by the husband. They were to reach part and parcel of the decent woman's ethical environment that in those cases where, in one way and another, sexual libido was aroused, the woman made every effort possible to rigidly suppress the exhibition of any outward manifestations of the force within her. In recent years, as a result of women's sexual and social emancipation there has been a great change in regard to her reaction to such behavior; she no longer is adherent to

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their fellow men in order to justify their superiority.

The lives of some people are ordered by the fear of failure. A man wants to act, sing, or write. But he is afraid to try. By trying he is putting himself to the test and he secretly fears that he will not pass it. He would thus prove himself a failure. He would rather remain in that state for some time of not knowing what he might have been had he tried. Primarily the reason is vanity and egotism, but the fear may so govern a man that he shrinks into an, unpassable dream-world wherein he is his own boss. And that is better not to try anything at all rather than subject his self-esteem to the risk of injury.

Agoraphobia, or fear of open spaces, is also not an uncommon as many people might think. As with most phobias it is a fear that though the victim feels open spaces he does not know why.

There was the case of a bank cashier. Worried, he presented himself before a psychoanalyst who was able to prove that the young man was tormented with the thought of embezzling a large sum of money and making his escape to America—he was under the domination of an unconscious order line. Once the criminal impulse was revealed the cashier recovered from his position and his phobia vanished.

For thirty years a woman victim of agoraphobia had lived in a

room. Through the painted to travel it was impossible. She found herself unable to go out even with an escort. She submitted herself to a psychoanalyst. After six sessions there was such an improvement in her condition that for all practical purposes she was cured. She could walk for long distances without any fear.

However, a few days before the termination of the analyses, she was suddenly attacked by drowsy while in the streets. She stood rooted to the spot. She wanted to scream.

Disconcerted, she told the analyst what had happened. He found that the attack was genuine enough, but was brought on by anxiety to remain under treatment. The woman could not bear, in common with most other such types of sufferer, to think that the treatment was at an end and that she was well. Before she had the means to perfect her. Now she had to go through life without it. This was a formidable dread because she did not feel confident to cope with the uncertainties of life.

Phobias arise out of delusions and neo-views. A man walking down the street in the belief that he was sure suddenly could go no farther. He ran back home and locked himself in. He suffered the hallucination that he had no clothes on and therefore he could not appear in public.

A woman walking into town stopped. How could she continue?

IF YOU SUFFER FROM ANY FORM OF

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ARTHRITIS. Mrs. Darrow, of Danvers, suffered so badly with arthritis of the hands that she could hardly cut a piece of cloth with scissors. After using Malgio for a month Mrs. Darrow reports "I was amazed to find I could cut a piece of patterned iron with my nails."

RHEUMATISM. Mrs. L.B., a 75-year-old Sydney lady, suffered for years with rheumatism. She was unable to walk without a stick. After using her first jar of Malgio, Mrs. L.B. writes today: "I am now able to walk without a stick."

NEURITIS. A North Brighton lady, Mrs. J.M.P., says in a letter that she was a victim to neuritis in both arms and legs for 6 months before trying Malgio. After home-treatment with Malgio, Mrs. P. says: "I am quite satisfied and convinced it's a wonderful cream for neuritis, rheumatism, etc."

SPONDYLITIS. Mrs. E. D. O'Sullivan, of Lifford, writes: "I cannot speak too highly of Malgio Adrenalin Cream. I found it so good for my spondylitis of the back. I only need it three times when my back goes better."

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She was wandering naked and barefoot. The salesladies didn't wonder so much, but how could she go into the town without her shoes on? She dreamed the idea. Arrived back home, she told others who pointed out that her shoes were still on her feet. The analyst found that the woman had been involved in a divorce case and that the injured wife had agreed to throw and on her feet. The hallucinated woman was terrified of meeting her.

It is obvious that the society-ridden mind and the debilitated nervous system are fruitful soils for phobias and that generally these arise from the specific cause of the anxiety.

A farmer whose property was gradually being ruined by erosion learned to help and direct the course of the sand which was blowing his good top-soil away into the sea. At the sound of the rising wind he would curse and rant. It was an unfightable opponent, yet he urged for soil-preservation fences, hedges, dunes to fight it.

Day by day he saw the deterioration of his posture and the dwindling of his financial resources. He grew thin and embittered; anxiety ruined his appetite and broke his sleep. This added to his misery, but he had the answer to it. It was all the fault of the wind. Suddenly he rushed from the porch to the north door.

The wind was croaking him as it was croaking his land, drying up and withering his flesh as it had him tortured. He led on the torqueting delusion until he broke down mentally. In his madness he had in terror from the sound of wind. He was continually feeling his ribs, or weighing himself on imaginary machines. Anemophobia, fear of the wind, destroyed him.

kindly, for he was never cured. FEAR of death is natural to every man except the mad unbalanced. Yet the majority of them regard the inevitable prospect with resignation. Most people meet death bravely and with dignity. The person possessed of these qualities, however, transcends himself right throughout his life with the great sense of looking that life. Don't shake of him as the amateur, who, faced with inevitable death and a firm conviction of punishment in the next world, goes into a state of horror and terror. The man with the phobia of death may be sunk or sunken. What is going to happen to him in eternity does not matter, it is the conscious of his temporal life that worries him.

He spends every minute avoiding the consequences of death. He is a hypochondriac. If he has a headache he is at least in the of a coronary occlusion. If a spot appears on his chest he has smallpox. He hears the doctor's surgery. He continually builds himself up so that he will be strong enough to overcome any possible catastrophe. He is afraid to go to sleep on case he does not wake up. Yet in turn he that he expects so much he is not happy. The future of his phobia prevents him from experiencing contentment. A pitiable and always lonely creature, he merits few springs from his intense eccentricity coupled with a weak will. He loves himself so intensely he cannot bear the thought of losing himself.

Acrophobes, the much-publicized fear of high places, is often a misnomer. Fear of heights is natural. Even small children realize that they are liable to fall from such places. That feeling of horror was experienced when you had

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* Particulars of the "44 Comm-
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Measure

1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1997; 278: 1019-1024.

Figure 6

* Cross out part not required

down from a precipice, the tingling sensation in the side of the foot, the clammy sweating palms—these are all normal reactions and disappear when controlled. Give way to them and you're setting yourself up for a fear-complex.

When a claustrophobic, a pilot, a tree hopper fills his glass up again if he did not the fear may become a phobia. Nothing would help him to overcome his dread of heights.

For a person with unsure footing or a liability to turn dizzy high places are a real hazard. But it must be considered that because such persons avoid these occasions of danger they are necessarily suffering from acrophobia.

The real acrophobic cannot help to get off the ground. If she goes—it is most often a woman—one day up a ladder she clings desperately, shuts her eyes, and is too paralyzed with fear even to climb down again. She reveals, trembles, her blood pressure is lowered, her muscles go rigid. Once rescued, she will exhibit all the symptoms of shock.

The acrophobic usually manages to avoid, unconsciously, all high places. Sometimes she suppresses her memory and finds there is a painful fall in childhood. Other times the fall is too far back to be remembered. But it is almost certain to be there somewhere.

We have all met the individual who "can't stand fear". This is so trivial a phobia it usually seems laughable, and is very often put

down to imagination. Still, it has often been proved that a cat-holer will become uneasy when in the same room with a cat he could not possibly know is there, and will sometimes faint with terror when he discovers the animal.

The psychiatrist again says that the cat is associated with some childhood fright, perhaps a cat lying on the face of the patient when he was a child. But most doctors say that the cat-holer knows of the presence of the hidden cat by a very simple method. He is allergic to cat hair, and usually, perhaps by the slight irritation of nasal membranes, realizes when the animal is in the room.

The pyrophobic is the direct opposite of the pyromaniac, a weak-minded individual who gets an artificial sexual satisfaction from the sight of a fire, particularly if lives are lost. The pyrophobic runs around putting out fires. He is terrified of his house catching on fire, and will go again and again to make sure the alarm are banded or the gas has been turned off. He never smokes in case he drops a lighted cigarette on himself.

If by any chance his clothing does catch on fire he flies into a blind panic and is usually severely burned before anyone can catch him to put out the fire. Again, most pyrophobes are women. Nearly all women dread fire more than do men. You will have observed how quickly a woman smoker will grind a cigarette into

an ash tray to extinguish it. She will almost never leave the hall to smoke. Practical and sensible, women have a far greater regard for possessions, particularly domestic possessions, than men, and will run up risk of their total destruction.

The natural reaction thousands of people have for spiders and snakes is not a phobia but an instinctive, and often irrational, fear. It has reached the hysteria peak of its development in the ophiophobes who will not only become hysterical at the sight of a snake, but will use snakes where they are not and undergo a torment of terror at the imaginary reality.

Look yourself over. You may not have an individual fear, folly, or phobia, but may share or participate in one that is common to thousands of people all forming a similar idea of fear of one particular object. It affects your everyday life in one way or another. The more fear does not necessarily always relate to the object itself, but often to the consequences produced by or springing from that object. Witherspoon started this fear. Communism does the same today. It is not the Communist who is feared so much as what he stands for—a way of life that may conflict with your own, a threat to your security.

You can't afford to be stupid, and say: Ah, there's all for the other fellow. Is there in your make-up a streak of neurophobia? Do you have an irrational fear and distrust of foreigners? Is there something in you that makes you fear what you don't understand?

It's worth reflecting upon.

Remember this—behind the phobia stands the hallucination, and worse. Don't suppose anything like that—deal with it.

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QUICK TIPS

They say that instinct is inherent in all animals. And you know what instinct is—that twinkle which tells a woman whether a man needs encouragement or independence.

Of course, a girl has to watch herself. One girl we know had a medical check-up. When asked by her latest beau why she looked so happy to-day, she replied: "I went to the doctor to-day and he says those lumps on my arms are nothing to worry about—they're only warts!"

There are all sorts of girls and there is a man for each sort. One fellow we met got a girl who was really something; she was the sort of girl you would bring home to meet your mother—after you looked over your father in the doorway.

Watch the girl who would keep you at arm's length. This type usually is careful that you do not get farther away than that. And marry a girl who seems to be throwing herself at a man is being very careful, too.

Lots of girls get smooch on the eve of matrimony, but they don't throw up their usual ticket.

"All the nice girls love a sailor," goes the song. Well, you know what sailors are—waders in ship's clothing.

Because a girl is lovelorn at 16, age that she'll take any old pill that comes along.

Legally a girl is a minor until she is 21. After that she often becomes a gold digger. And you know what a gold digger does, she likes to curl up in a corner with a good cheque book.

A girl who goes joy-riding does not need a road map to know what to follow if dying at. You can never tell about a joy ride. It is made up of gals from all walks of life.

Those days cars are streamlined. So are girls. And because a girl has a streamlined figure it is no sign that she has no resistance.

We have been told that kissing spreads germs. We don't know about that, but we do know it lowers resistance.

Remember, girls, because a travelling man knows the best hotels doesn't necessarily mean that he knows when to stop.

A girl is happy when she gets what she wants, and she likes to be the envy of her friends. Well if one of those friends should meet her beau, she becomes green with jealousy. We know a girl who one day sat in a green armchair for two hours before anyone noticed her.

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